THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr[illegible]ly Magazine
Founded [illegible]enj. Franklin

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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Sherlock Holmes is Coming Back

TWO more "reminiscences" by Dr. Watson of the Great Detective, are to see the light. The first one is entitled "The Singular Experience of Mr. J. Scott Eccles." It will appear in COLLIER'S for August 15th, which will be a "SHERLOCK HOLMES" Number. There will be an intimate sketch of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, of his old teacher, Professor Bell of Edinburgh, who was the original of the Great Detective, and many anecdotes and illustrations of the unique place in literature and on the stage achieved by "the greatest character in fiction since *Monsieur Dupin.*"

Here is what Collier's Fiction Editor wrote:

"I think I can safely say that it is one of the most remarkable detective stories of modern times. Not only is the plot novel, but the author brings to this tale all of the atmosphere of mystery and the extraordinary character drawing which long ago made him famous. I consider the story a great asset for any periodical. It is one of those cases where an author wins success along a certain line, creates a band of imitators, drops out for a time, and then comes back as if to show just how good he really was."

Collier's

The National Weekly

Sherlock Holmes Number—August 15th

FRANKLIN Automobiles—1909

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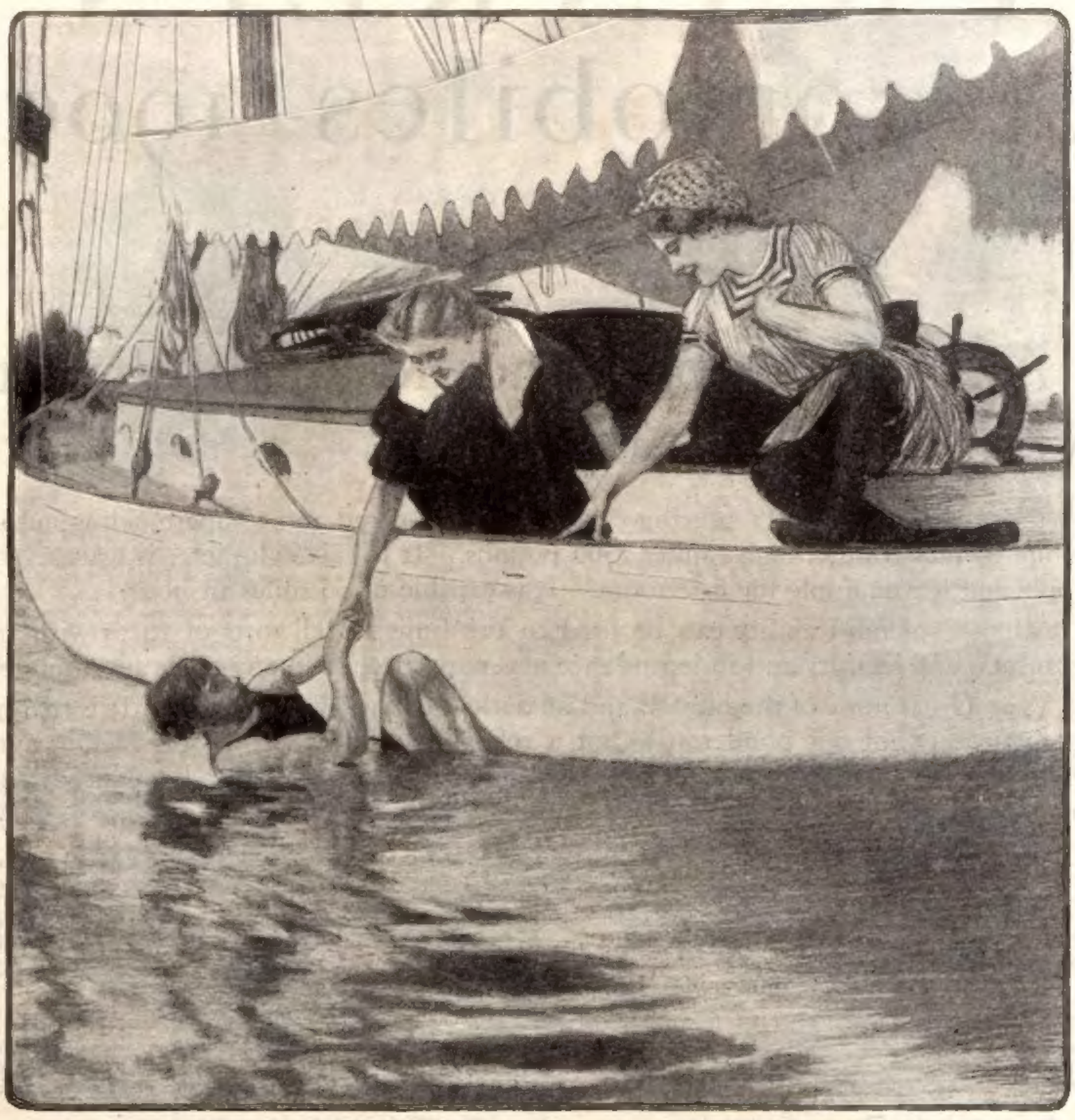

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When the President Hunts

What Happened to the Bears in the Cane-Brake

The President's Quarters

By Harris Dickson

WHEN the President goes hunting there are two great essentials for his hosts to consider. First, the Chief Executive must be safe. Second, the guest of honor must kill a bear.

The President himself would probably reverse these two items in the order of their importance.

Bear hunting is not devoid of danger to a private gentleman. A stray shot, a fall from his horse, a dash against a tree, an overturned boat—any one of a thousand accidents may occur. And if a hunter happens to be the President of the United States some crank or anarchist might seek his glittering opportunity. In those dim, mysterious swamps of Louisiana hiding-places are plentiful and escape absurdly easy.

There is no roof in the State beneath which the President may not sleep in safety, sheltered by the protection of a hospitable people. But the vagrant and the wayfarer must be watched. This it is which lends more than ordinary interest to a Presidential hunting trip.

To kill a bear in Louisiana requires skill, patience, and a vast amount of hard work. First, he must be located. The bear loves the swamp, revels in the density of a cane-brake, and, wherever possible, establishes himself in business at a point from which he can pounce upon the cornfields and the pig-pen. Hog and hominy are good enough for him. After enjoying a mild Christmas, Bruin retires into winter quarters and does not reappear until May. During this period he is reported to amuse himself by sucking his paw. When he comes out of hibernation he is nearly as fat as when he went in.

Through the gentle springtime he finds little to eat except bugs, ash-buds and tender shoots called "mutton-cane." During these lean months he can outrun anybody's horse or dog, if he be allowed to choose his own race-track.

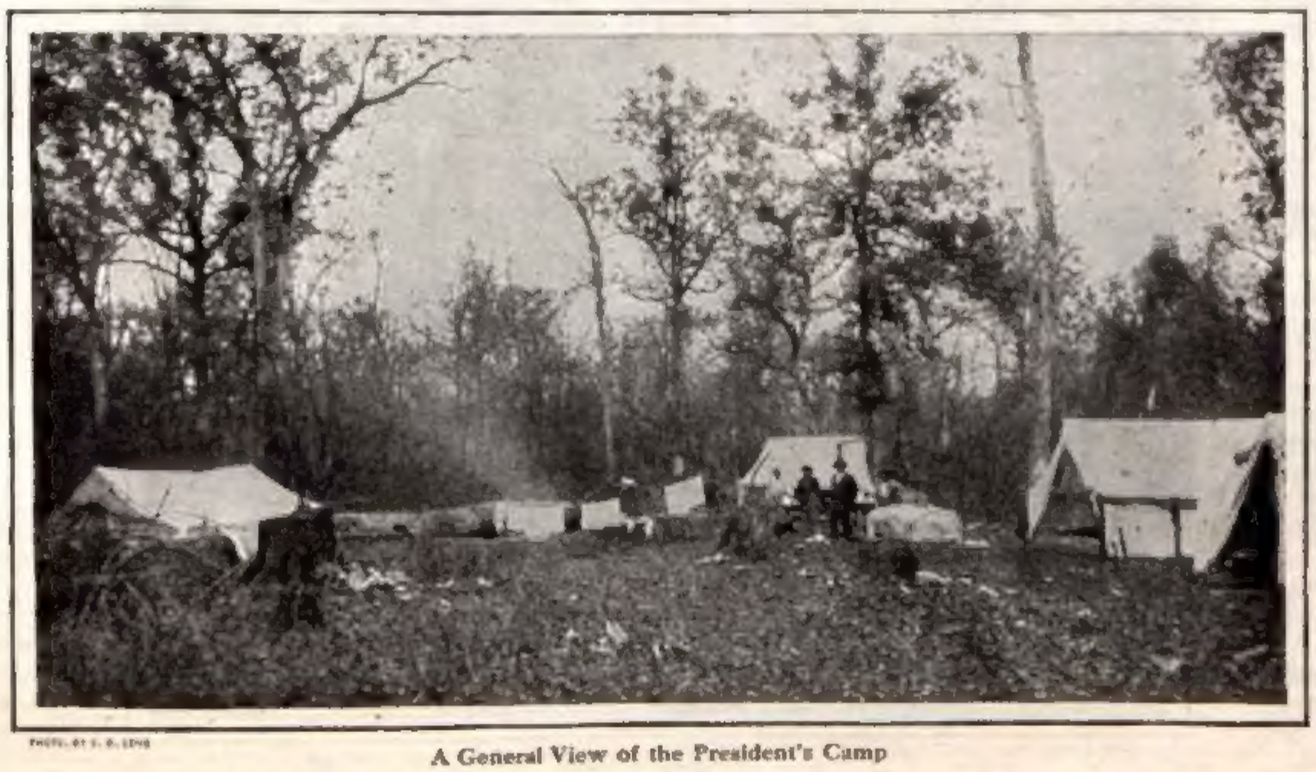
When the air of spring lures him from his lair and he pokes his nose lazily into the sunshine, he comes out stiffer than a city man after a horseback ride. He creeps about like a jointed toy, stretches himself gingerly as if afraid his brittle legs might break. He takes exercise with caution and limbers himself for a summer campaign.

Through the late summer business begins to pick up; the corn throws out its tassels and the pigs are getting ripe. But it is the glorious autumn-time that tickles a bear. Then the nuts come tumbling earthward, and acorns lie thick upon the ground. Through November he fattens while you wait, taking on enough adipose to last him through the winter. This is the time to go after him. In the May day of his discontent few hunters care to chase him; they wait until melancholy autumn, when the air is crisp, the leaves are sere, and the cane-brake crackles to their tread.

This was the season which the President chose to go South. And then he had his choice of methods—still-hunt, fire-hunt or chase.

The still-hunter slips into the woods with a single hound, held in leash. They strike a trail and follow it together. Man and dog pursue the bear for an hour, a day or a week—but the end is a foregone conclusion. When the dog scents the bear he gives his master a signal that they are close. The master turns him loose. He bays the bear in a perfunctory fashion; the bear turns lazily in his bed, the man fires. That is all there is to it.

There is no blowing of horns, no shouting of men, no clamoring pack, no rushing of hoof. It is a cold-blooded business proposition.



A General View of the President's Camp

Plainly such a slow method would not please the President.

Again, the President might have tried the fire method and gone into the woods at night with a lamp on his cap—like a miner. Every animal that saw the light would then have stopped and gazed at it, his eyes glittering in the dark and furnishing a target for a good shot. But the laws of Louisiana forbid fire-hunting unless the animal is up a tree. So the President did not adopt this method.

The only royal and sportsmanlike way to kill a bear is to rouse him with dogs, follow with hoofs and horns, and slay him in the cane-brake. No true sport will deny the bear a run for his money. There must be dogs and horses, horns and hullabaloo—a long wait, a hard ride and a swift shot; then the camp-fire, a good story, and the companionship of friends that cheer. The hunter loads his old shotgun, one barrel with buckshot and one with a single ball, straddles his pony, calls his dogs and takes to the cane-brake. This is the kind of a hunt the President chose.

He who has never struggled through a cane-brake cannot comprehend the difficulties of getting a bear in this fashion. The cane grows twenty feet high, thick as the hair on a dog's back, and practically impenetrable to man or horse. Weeks before the hunt, trails are cut through the cane, running absolutely straight, and crossing the brake like the bars of a gridiron. The bear has his own private paths for personal use, and these artificial trails intersect them. That is where the trouble occurs—at the intersection.

When his dogs rouse a bear in the depths of the brake the hunter knows that some time or other the bear will cross the open trail. The hunter selects the most likely spot, takes a stand, and sends his bear-driver into the brake with the dogs. For hours and hours, perhaps, he sits there and listens for the crackling of the cane.

A bear cannot be driven like a sheep, and he makes considerably more noise than a rabbit in going through a cane-brake. The hunter must wait. When he hears the bear coming he must know which track the bear is following, and precisely where he will cross the artificial trail. Then he must be there first, and in that instant of time when the bear crosses the open trail he must shoot quick, and shoot to kill. If the bear be wounded and the dogs cover him, many a sturdy hound may go with him to the happy hunting grounds.

Several weeks before the President came, Holt Collier, an experienced negro hunter of Washington County, Mississippi, was sent across the river, and joined Alec Enolds, a negro living on Rescue Plantation, who knew the woods by night as well as he knew the furniture in his own room. These two were to investigate the bear crop, and report. Doctors differ, and negro hunters rarely agree. There was a conflict of opinion between these men as to how many bear were in the woods on Tensas River. Enolds insisted that there was a large number—how many he did not know; Holt Collier reported that he could only locate six bear.

This was disappointing. The Louisianians were exceedingly anxious to have the hunt, and they insisted that Holt was mistaken. With some misgivings, however, the camp was located on Tensas River, some twenty miles west of the Mississippi. Trails were cut through the cane-brake, and every preparation made. This work required about two weeks.

On the fifth day of October the President's private car stopped at Stamboul, a little

station on the M. H. & L. Railroad. Stamboul answers to the geometrical definition of a point—"position without magnitude."

It was raining very hard, but the President and his party mounted their horses and rode west. With the President went Doctor Rixby, Doctor Lambert, Mr. John M. Parker, Mr. John McIlhenny and Alec Enolds, the negro guide. Of this group Alec felt most keenly his position.

"Of co'se, you know I war slated at Washington City as de offishul guide to de President. Ef anything had 'a' happened to him dey would 'a' sent down here, fust pop, and axed me, 'Alec, how 'twas?' I war *jes'* 'bleeged to be keerful." The head that wore a crown rested easy; Alec's drooped with his grave responsibility.

By the President's earnest request his hunt was not to be interrupted; neither business nor social demands should rob him of his vacation. Every gentleman in the neighborhood respected his wish. While there were many who desired to pay him the courtesy of a call, none intruded upon his privacy.

Twenty miles away secret service men rode on every train and observed every traveler. It would have been impossible for a stranger to set foot in the country without being stopped and asked his business. Not a negro on any of the plantations could have been hired to guide a visitor to the President's camp. The planters had seen to that. No man could have threaded those swamps without a guide.

Ben Lilly—a sturdy old hunter of the Daniel Boone kind—joined them on Monday morning. He came in on foot, from Heaven knows where, to manage the hunt. After he had slept an hour the party left camp. "The Colonel"—so the President desired to be addressed—with one companion was put upon a stand to wait until a bear could be jumped and driven toward him.

The driver succeeded in jumping an old she-bear that had a yearling with her. She ran in the driving rain, fighting the dogs at every step. The negro hunters could have killed this bear time and time again, but the orders were that no man must shoot until the Colonel had his chance.

A bear—especially an old she-bear with yearlings—cannot be escorted through a cane-brake with the dignity and decorum of a cow going to pasture. Fighting for miles and miles through tangled undergrowth is no easy job. One of her yearlings got away and crossed a slough; most of the dogs left the big bear to follow the smaller one. Old Rowdy, the staunch lead hound, stuck to the main trail. It was found impossible to drive this bear past the Colonel, and she finally got away.

Men and Dogs Off for Bear Lake

ANOTHER bear was jumped, which also declined to face the Presidential gun. After that, the most diligent search failed to discover any more bear in that neighborhood. Alec Enolds insisted that cutting trails through the cane-brake had frightened them off.

Up to this time the Colonel had got only one shot. A deer went flying through the forest with a dog behind him that was faster than a ghost. This deer the Colonel killed.

Monday afternoon the Metcalf brothers had arrived from Mississippi, bringing Holt Collier and twenty-two dogs—among them the redoubtable Rowdy, and Queen, a sharp-tongued virago. This swelled their pack to thirty-four. The Metcalfs were young men—swampers, planters, Mississippians, gentlemen in the old English conception of the term—and bear hunters from the heart.

"Look here, Colonel," said Harley Metcalf, "you have plenty of good bear hunters, and lots of dogs, but you've got seventy-five miles of country and no bear in it."

"How do you know that?"

"I sent Holt Collier over here to investigate it."

"Don't you know," urged the Colonel, "there are reported to be fifteen or twenty bear in here?"

"Yes, that may be reported, but there are only *five* bears in the whole seventy-five miles of country. Holt knows what he is talking about."

Ben Lilly took a hand in the discussion; he had found three or four bear-signs down near Bear Lake, and thought he could get them. The party decided to abandon the Tensas camp and rode fourteen miles down to Bear Lake.

Bear Lake lies in the deepest swamp, a narrow, winding lake where the canes grow rank and matted vines reach out from its shore to rest upon the waters. Upon a bit of higher ground some gentlemen had built their hunting lodge, and here the second camp was pitched.

The President's Cook

The surrounding wilderness sheltered every species of flying, running, crawling and creeping creature, everything that went clothed in fur or feathers, wings and stings and fangs and things. The days were made for bear and deer, for squirrels and for birds; the nights were made for wolves and owls. The air was musical with mockers; the earth shrank beneath the loathsome rattler; the waters rippled with minnows, splashed with trout, and trembled at the plunging of gigantic gars.

On the first morning at Bear Lake, Holt and his hounds jumped a bear, but it got away, because of the extreme difficulty of driving it past the Colonel's stand. The next bear was killed by some other hunters; again the Colonel did not get a shot.

Doctor Miller joined the hunt with his pack of cat-hounds. They promptly proved their training by killing a wildcat, to the accompaniment of clattering hoofs and winding horns and shouting men. But the Colonel had his heart set upon a bear.

Then the Osborns came, father and son, with their dogs, which made an even fifty hounds in camp, yelling, baying and howling.

One morning while hunting on Joe's Bayou the pack jumped a huge wild boar and chased him a few hundred yards. He turned with vicious tusks and killed three of the best dogs. Holt Collier ran in on him, caught his leg, and the younger Osborn killed him with a knife.

The common hog after running loose in the swamp speedily goes wild, develops enormous strength, grows tusks four inches long, and becomes far more dangerous than a she-bear with cubs. Bears never attack a man, but the wild boar has no respect for lords of creation. He lives unmolested, even a pack of hungry wolves not daring to tackle him for dinner. Once Major Amaker called the Colonel's attention to a pair of wolves playing on the opposite side of the lake, but the canny creatures slunk back into the swamp and disappeared before a rifle could be raised. There are several species of wolves around Bear Lake—black, yellow, gray and brindle; and if an unfortunate hound ever wanders from the pack they will surely kill him. They hunt in packs and conduct a chase like trained deer-hounds.

The camp became hungry for venison, and the dogs were sent out one day. They got on the trail of a deer. After a while there came a sudden silence. When the hunters ran up they found the deer, stone-dead, already killed and left by a polite panther for the Presidential dinner.

On all of these expeditions the greatest care was taken to guard against accident. In riding the trails Alec Enolds always rode about one hundred and fifty yards ahead of the President, and Mr. John McIlhenny followed about the same distance behind. In this way there would be no chance of any one coming suddenly upon the President, or of a stray shot going in his direction.

"One day," says Alec, "de Cunnel showed me a telegram what he had jes' got from de King o' Scotland, 'lowin' as how he war on a big hunt hissef, an' he hoped de Cunnel would have good luck. Cunnel he says to me, 'Alec,' sezzee, 'what you reckon dis here man wants to be a telegrafin' me fer? I ain't got no time to be foolin' long wid po' white trash an' me bizzy as I is. I reckon I jes' *got* to answer it. Never mind, when I gits outen dese woods I sho' is gwine to 'tend to it. I'm gwine to tell 'im all about de fine game an' bears and deers an' big fishes what is in my country.' Lawdy, he sho' did rig up a tur'ble story fer dat King.

"Cunnel didn't had no time fer bizness whilst he war huntin'—no, sirree. When Mr. Latta come out here wid a big armful o' papers fer 'im to sign, he'd jes' laugh an' say: 'By George, you git away from me wid dem things—don't pester me; I'm bizzy!'"

Some Presidential Nature Studies

"HE WAR always projeckin' wid sumpin'. Ef he war ridin' along a trail an' seen a bird or a flower what he didn't know, he would git down off his horse an' look at it reel good. Den when he cum back to camp he'd study 'bout it in a little book. One day we cum across two big rattlesnake pilots lyin' dar in de trail. Cunnel didn't know what dey war. Befo' anybody could stop 'im he jumped down, tapped de biggest snake on de head wid a switch, an' cotch 'im back o' de neck. Dat snake squirmed consid'ble an' wrapped hissef all around de Cunnel's arm, but he sho' did look at 'im good befo' he flung 'im away. I kept watchin' fer de rattlesnake, 'cause you know de pilot always goes a little piece ahead.

"He never would set still and never showed no sign o' gittin' tired. When he got back to camp he went to readin' in a book, or talkin' to de niggers 'bout how war dey gittin' along—and all dat. 'Come on, Alec,' he'd say; den maybe he'd walk two or three miles follerin' some kind o' bird or 'nuther—specially dem thrashers and big white-billed peckerwoods. He war pussonally acquainted wid every one of 'em.

"He'd git up in de mornin' when frost was on de groun', jump in de lake an' swim aroun'. I wouldn't do dat—no, suh, not 'mongst all *dem* gar-fishes an' alligators.

"But it war settin' side de camp-fire at nights when we had de most fun—dat's when de gentlemens got to talkin'."

Two roaring fires were kept running every night at camp. Around one of them gathered the white men; the negroes clustered about the other. Oftentimes the Colonel left his own fire and went down to talk with the negroes, finding keen enjoyment in their novel point of view.

Most frequently it happened, as the stories began to pass around, that the negroes gradually deserted their own fire and circled round the gentlemen.

Every man had his chance, and whosoever knew aught of interest was at liberty to tell it. The discussion frequently turned upon dangers of the hunt. Some hunters insisted that a bear would charge a man when brought to bay—the negroes especially saying that a bear would sometimes run them out of the woods. White hunters generally believe, however, that a bear will never run deliberately in the direction of a man. When shot, blinded and bewildered, he may dash open-mouthed toward the hunter with the gun. But the old hunters do not believe the bear knows which way he is going.

"You see that negro yonder," said the planter, pointing to an old man who sat nodding beside the fire—"he will give up his own sleep every time to look after the comfort of his white folks. One night we were sleeping on the south side of a

(Continued on Page 23)

Ready for a Chase

THE LITTLE PUDDLE

A Début at the Metropolitan and a Curtain at Carthage

"Why Couldn't They 'ave Hamputated Her Voice?"

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

"WHEREVER have I seen you before?" He had been studying her face so narrowly for hours that he thought he could rather feel than see a flicker of evasion when she answered:

"Nowhere, I think."

The thought flashed through him that she started to blush and had checked herself by sheer effort of will. If he had been a woman he would have trusted his intuition. Being a man he listened to what men call reason. But he tried again.

"Have you perhaps ever been in New York?"

"New York?" she queried, as if she were sparring within herself for time. "New York? Have I ever been in New York?"

"Yes."

"No."

He could not help a suspicion that there was a careful carelessness in her tone. She looked as if she wished too late to amend her "No" to read "Yes." But he was ashamed of his suspicion. It was an implied treachery to one who had been kind to him. Surely the Good Samaritan might be spared analysis by the rescued man.

He asked no more questions and she went to the window, where the sash-curtains of cheesecloth were fluttering. The sunlight came finely through them, like a powder sifting through a sieve.

With her back to him she said:

"It's an awfully nice day to-day. Pity you can't go out yet a while."

"I truly thank you for being sorry."

But still as he gazed at her she seemed to be thinking of something else. Her very back seemed to be thinking of something else.

The clock had ticked and ticked before she turned round as with a sudden resoluteness.

"Wh-why did you ask me if I had been in New York?"

"I was thinking I had seen you there," he said simply. "In fact, I did think I had heard you there."

"Heard me?"

"Sing."

"Oh."

She paused uncertainly a moment, then she mumbled:

"I guess it's about time to get your medicine for you."

Though she crossed the room deliberately there was a sense of escape in her step. She closed the door more loudly than her gentle wont, as if it had shut sooner than she expected.

She was a long time gone and he tried to figure it out, but his head was still buzzing with pain. In the train wreck he had felt that at least one sleeping-car was resting on his brow and it had taken some time for the crew to lift it off and pry him from under.

The Cannonball Express did not ordinarily stop at the small Iowa town staggering under the magnificent name of Carthage. But a misguided freight train had failed to make the switch in time and, after the tremendous ripping process known as a "side-wipe," the express train had smashed into the centre of the freight and been neatly split and piled alongside the track.

There was no hospital at Carthage, and when the battered forms of Franz van Mieris and various others had been dragged from the woodpile and junk heap that once had been a gleaming express they had been taken to the Widow Baldwin's, the "most elegant boarding-house in Carthage." The passengers who had been hurt worse had been intrusted to the green hospitality of Sexton Jones.

The first question Van Mieris had asked, when he was able to ask anything, was:

"Did anybody find my violin?"

The doctor showed him a few pieces of varnished kindling, held together by four ragged strings.

"Is this it?" he asked.

"It was," Van Mieris groaned, and turned his face to the wall. That kindling had been lovingly fashioned in the old town of Cremona nearly two centuries ago by a man named Guarneri, irreverently called "del Gesù." On one of the fragments Van Mieris still found the time-stained label:

JOSEPHUS GUARNERIUS ANDREÆ NEPOS CREMONÆ
1738. I. H. S.

He read it over, and tears rushed to his eyelids. The violin had cost him the first $2000 he had managed to save. He had guarded it as carefully as a young mother guards her first babe. It had the grandeur of line that Joseph loved and it had a voice of command sonorous enough to sway multitudes. But it had not been built to resist a flying car-wheel.

As he lived the train wreck over and over, Van Mieris remembered the splintering arpeggios that had preluded the grand fortissimo chord of the crash. Others had instinctively covered their heads with their hands. He had instinctively sheltered his hands under his bowed head.

When he began to float back into consciousness they found him counting his fingers. In his delirium he kept wailing that he could find only three on his left hand. He could manage to get another violin, but a new hand! When he had re-arrived at sanity he found the whole flock of fingers and he smiled and fell asleep like a tired boy.

As his head began to emerge gradually from its voluminous bandages he looked about and made the acquaintance of the Widow Baldwin, a landlady-like person who meant well but got on his nerves, which were as taut and sensitive as fiddle strings. His immediate nurse was Miss Grace Boynton, a regular boarder in the house. She had volunteered to care for him. He noted that she was plain. That was good. It would hasten recovery. Knowing himself, he knew that if his nurse had been pretty his fever would have been more persistent.

When finally they took the last bandage from his head and gave him a looking-glass, he found that they had cut off all his luxury of hair—cropped it close, convict-wise. He felt as Samson must have felt when Delilah had finished with him. He fainted away at the sight. When he came to, the doctor explained that his curls would have abundant time to grow back to fullest foliation before he left town. He became better at once. In time he grew well enough to ask questions. It was on one of those days that he felt that he had seen Miss Boynton in New York. Her confusion had confused him. Why should she deny so unimportant a fact? But his head ached too easily to be bothered with wondering. He dismissed the problem.

He loved the quiet of the house. Everything was done on tiptoe and said in whispers. But one afternoon, when he was able to sit up in a chair, his nurse began to show signs of agitation. She seemed always on the point of asking something and always checking herself. She fluttered like a nesting wren when the cat sleeps on a near window-ledge. Van Mieris was irritated watching her. At length he blurted out:

"Please, please to say what it is you want?"

"What do I want? What do I want?" she echoed. She always relapsed into an echo when she was uneasy.

"Yes, you want to ask me something."

"What a wonderful intuition you have," she murmured.

"I am a musician."

"Well, that's it."

"What's what?" he snarled.

"Why, I'm a musician, too."

"Accept, please, my sympathy. What else ails you?"

"You see, I'm a singer. I sing in the church choir, and I have to sing a solo next Sabbath. Would you mind?"

"I don't mind what anybody does in church, so long as I don't have to go."

"I mean would you mind my practicing my solo?"

"It is your house—yes? Do you think that I have right or wish to forbid you? What do you think I am?"

"A sick man, and a musician. That's two reasons for my uneasiness."

"Well, please practice all you want to. I have in my day heard too much bad singing to be hurt by anything you may do." That was not exactly the most gallant way to put it, but he was too fretful to revise it. He went on with his supper of tame tea, cold chicken, hot biscuits and apple butter. As he nibbled and sipped he watched her out of the large eyes that had fascinated a princess or two and numberless heiresses. But Miss Boynton was gaining a charm that no other woman had possessed for him. Of course she had the inestimable opportunity of nursing him and of stealing in upon a sick man's wakening sentiments unawares, being a foster mother to him, and something more. Van Mieris realized this and tried to discount it. But it is hard to compute gratitude according to legal rates of interest. Miss Boynton was growing dangerously attractive to the violinist. There was an extra allurement about the risk of falling in love with a plain woman, after all the beauties he might have had.

Van Mieris was Irritated Watching Her

He could see that to her, he himself was a god dropped from the clouds, but he was used to such adoration. The funny thing was that the idol should begin to inspect a worshiper so scantily dowered, to watch for her return to the shrine, and to be uncomfortable if she delayed.

Knowing how sweet her heart was, how swift was the imagination of her sympathy, how ingenious her devices for his comfort, he wondered how she would sing. It seemed impossible that such an angelic soul should be anything but an angel of song.

He had been a very long time without music. It had been so much his daily bread that he had thought he could never really long for it, but this unheard of fact had left him music-hungry. To hear a dear, sweet woman sing in the evening—that would sate his soul. He fretted for her to begin, and he was frankly vexed when there was a knock on the door and Mrs. Ruddy was admitted, especially as Miss Boynton made her presence an excuse for absence.

Mrs. Ruddy had been one of the passengers on the ex-express. Her right leg had been caught under a timber and crushed. The village doctor had seized the golden opportunity to indulge in a little surgical practice, and had made an amputation just below the knee.

Mrs. Ruddy, who had been lodged in the same boarding-house at the railroad's expense, came stumping into the room on crutches. She had visited the immovable Van Mieris before. To-night he greeted her with scant courtesy. She was plebeian and she was cockney. Her occasional dropping of an "h" worried him as if he were playing off the key. He himself was of Belgian origin, but he had spent so much of his life in England and America that he spoke the language with much effort at preciseness, not realizing his own blunders.

"You are acquiring a great technique with those crutches," was the best greeting he could spare for Mrs. Ruddy.

She did not seem to care much for the joke; and when Miss Boynton had gone she sank clumsily into a rocking-chair and began to sway back and forth violently. This exasperated Van Mieris, who had never grown acclimated to the seesaw school of furniture. "Would you please not do that. It gives me a seasickness."

"Oh, I awsk your pardon."

She was so meek that he felt worse than before. She sat so awkwardly rigid that he was soon snarling:

"Oh, for Lord's sake, rock, rock, rock!"

She was too blue to be hurt by his petulance, but she let the chair nod to and fro like a sleepy cradle. She sat relaxed in quiet despair, till her crutches slipped from her listless hand and clattered to the floor.

Van Mieris felt as if they had whacked him over the head, and he was about to voice his wrath when he noticed that she had begun to cry. From her unbeautiful eyelids awkward huge tears launched and went sliding down the ways of her furrowed cheeks. He wondered what plebeian woe was troubling her petty soul, and he asked with some patronage:

"Well, well, what is your trouble now?"

Of all the answers she might have given he least expected the one she gave.

"Me 'eart is clean broke, that's all. I'm just beginning to realize what it means, this haccident. It means that I shall never dance again—never dance again."

It was an almost amusing cause of grief coming from this wisp of a widow. He hardly repressed his indifference as he said:

"Well, of course it's too bad, but I should think you could do without dancing at"—he was going to add "at your time of life," but he was getting too well to be so savage. She understood the ellipsis, however, and she moaned:

"You don't understand. I've got two children to support, I 'ave. And their education to provide for. And I'm a dancer by trade—that is, I was a dancer. 'Eaven knows w'at I'll do now."

He stared at her in surprise. "So you were a dancer?"

"Yes, and a good one. I was great. You've 'eard of me, all right."

"Have I, Mrs. Ruddy?"

"Me stage name is—was La Feufollet; that's French for Will-o-th'-wisp."

This brought him bolt upright. He gasped.

"You are Feufollet!—You!" She nodded drearily, and he went on: "Is it possible! Why, you are the first stage woman I ever did love. You used to be a wonderful dancer—a dramatist of the dance. At that time I sent you a—I believe one calls it a 'mash note' here. I had nineteen years and I asked you to marry me."

She smiled a briny little smile:

"What did I say when I answered it?"

"You didn't."

"Probably not. I was always pretty stryte. Me 'usband was the other member of our team—while he lived, and he was a good hand with his feet, was 'Arry."

"So you are Feufollet," the musician mused. "You inspired several of my earlier compositions, and often when I've played the violin before big audiences I've imagined that you were dancing before me, as you used to in London at the Alhambra."

"The dear old Al'ambra! Yes, I used to dance there at the Al'ambra. I used to," she said, breathing heavily.

He put out his hand and squeezed her arm hard. That reminded him of his own good luck. "My fingers escaped by a miracle, thank God!" he said. "What a pity you couldn't have been spared, too. What a pity. What a pity! And you will never dance again."

"This don't look much like it, does it?" she said, waving a crutch with a flourish of bravado.

A shroud of silence fell upon them. The little cockney sprite sat like a faded fairy, looking out into the thickening dusk. Fireflies were dancing in the liquid ebon of the shadows. They were no lighter in the air than she had been. She squeezed her forehead with her hand and then shook the tears from her fingers as she smiled, and gave back the pressure of his sympathetic hand.

"We artists understand each other, don't we?"

He nodded with no sense of superiority now. In her day she had danced in a way that won her the artists' last word of praise—"artist."

"So you used to write music to me," she said. "I was painted, too, by some of the big fellows, and there was a poet wrote about me. They said that he had quite a nyme—(name among those who read such things). Our press agent used it a lot. It was a sonnet, I think—or a heppic or somethink. It began:

"Fair Feufollet, more softly fall your feet
Than moonbeams through the maples swaying sweet.
Oh, you might rest on a lilac's lightest limb
Nor ever shake it,
And pirouette on a bubble's frothy brim
And never break it."

There is always an almost soothing poetry in regret at twilight. The twilight seems to gather us in and cloak us round like a great, soft shawl laid upon chilled shoulders.

There seemed to be a personal compassion in the hush of the gloaming for the sacrifice demanded of the plain, little, crippled woman who would never more put on her spangled glory and flit elflike through a calcium paradise.

"I shall never dance again," she grieved.

It was like a line from some venerable elegy.

Then with a galling unfitness from somewhere below came the sound of a woman hammering a trashy prelude from a piano whose every tone was thin and plebeian, cockney. The piano was bad enough, but when a badly-trained voice was superimposed upon it it set the violinist's teeth on edge.

Even the dancer, who was not exigent in musical matters, had heard enough to realize how bad was this.

"My word, what a caterwaul! Whoever do you suppose it is?" Van Mieris made no answer. Mrs. Ruddy answered her own question. "It's Miss Boynton! Sounds as if she was garglin' her throat with somethink bitter."

The poetry in the room was banished, and now Mrs. Ruddy began to rock noisily and fast without Van Mieris objecting.

The song came up from below like an odor of cabbages and onions creeping through a house. The music was a cheap and popular Sunday ballad with a vulgar lilt and a brass band swing, thinly disguised by trite religious sentimentality interlarded with "Hosannas" and "Jerusalems." Van Mieris had no sense of humor to carry him through such a situation. When music was good it was very, very good, and when it was bad it was horrid. This music was so horrid that even Mrs. Ruddy moralized:

"If I went to 'Eaven and had to listen to such things I'd wear earmuffs every Sunday."

The rendition was worse than the music, and one hates to see even a criminal mangled by the executioner. Van Mieris knew Miss Boynton to be a gentle-fingered ministrant, whose heart was as soft as her touch was gentle. Yet here she was bastinadoing a helpless piano.

"It is droll to me," he philosophized, "how cruel is a woman usually to a musical instrument. Rather would I whip a horse or a child than beat anything so human as a violin or a piano. But a good woman who could not strike a wolfhound with a glove will club a piano almost to death. It is only the men who are strong enough to play softly."

Mrs. Ruddy had been too deeply versed in music-hall music to feel the solemnity of the slaughter. Her comment was:

"She has a great technique for splitting kindling, eh?"

Mrs. Ruddy did not know what sharp medicine that was to Van Mieris. In him it was destroying an illusion, doing a hope to death. He had felt himself slipping into the quicksands of love for a plain woman. To love a plain woman who sang so execrably—that would be the very sarcasm of fate. In his experience of life there was something so ironic about it that it looked inevitable.

He sat in silent misery while Mrs. Ruddy forgot her own tragedy before this howling farce.

"Ouch, but that last was a sour note," she cried, as a particularly false tone ramped up the stairs. "Sounds like some of the talent you 'ear in vaudvil on amachoor nights. If that was in New York you'd 'ear the whole audience 'ollerin': 'Get the 'ook, get the 'ook!'"

The significance of it was more grave to Van Mieris. It took on a moral import. It involved the old riddle of genius and character.

"Isn't it amazing that so good a woman could be so bad a singer? I have known such devils to sing like angels. The opposite must be possible, I suppose."

Suddenly he started as if an electric charge had shocked him. "I wonder if—I wonder if——" Then he collapsed into silence.

Mrs. Ruddy waited a long while for him to go on before she said:

"You wonder if what, Mr. Van Mieris?"

"I wonder if it should be possible that Miss Boynton might be the woman who once in New York——"

Then he realized that he was giving voice to treasonable thoughts against one who had befriended him and whom he nearly loved. He decided not to go on, but he had aroused Mrs. Ruddy's curiosity, and she nagged at him till it seemed better to tell the worst, lest she should think it still worse. He began reluctantly.

"It was the only time I ever did hear a woman hissed in America. And it was at the Metropolitan Opera House—at one of the Sunday night concerts, you know. I played a solo—that old hippity-hop thing of Mendelssohn's, and there was a soprano—her first appearance. I stood in the wings and watched her. Her dress didn't fit very well, two or three eyes were on the wrong hooks, and she was scared to death. I knew from the way she stood and held her head and chest and music that she could not sing really well, but I never dreamed that she could be so—so terrible."

"And 'owever did she get into the Meetropolitan Opera 'Ouse?" Mrs. Ruddy demanded.

"Some strange things get into that place."

"I danced there once at a benefit meself," said Mrs. Ruddy. "I was a great 'it, too."

"Of course you were," Van Mieris admitted. "Well, this woman had picked out Gounod's *Plus grand dans son obscurité* from The Queen of Sheba, that old war-horse that all the great sopranos had hacked to death. When this lady broke out in her first phrase the conductor nearly dropped his bâton. I could watch his face from where I stood. He seemed to be saying: 'Is this the Metropolitan Opera House, or the violent ward at Bloomingdale?' But there he was, and escape he could not. As she warms up the woman begins to emit sounds that grew less and less like notes and more and more like war-whoops. The audience begins to wonder; people look at each other as much as to say, 'Can I believe my ears? Did you hear what she did? Please to pinch me and see if I am awake!'"

"My word!" exclaimed Mrs. Ruddy, "and at the Meetropolitan, of all places!"

Van Mieris pushed back from force of habit the ghost of the lock of hair that used to fall over his eyes when he was excited. The lock had not grown out again, but the habit was there.

"The worst was," he said, "that she made all the gestures and all the faces, as if she should be a great singer. She made everything but the right sound. Such grandiose expression—such a gesture like a queen, and then a note like one who pulls a cork out of a bottle."

"I know their ways," parenthesized Mrs. Ruddy; "they wiggle up and up, and then pop off suddent, like a sky-rocket. And everybody feels like dodgin' the stick."

Van Mieris hurried on in double haste to escape from the memory and from the obstinate music that had evoked it.

"In a few moments a woman giggles aloud. A man next, then the whole house shakes, like the grass when a storm is coming. The stage hands come crowding into the wings and look out till I am almost pushed on to the stage. The conductor, his face is like a red-hot stove with anger and shame, and his collar is a wet rag. But still he beats time, while some of the musicians act like silly schoolgirls when the teacher is going to sit on a bended pin. The flautist cannot pucker his lips; so he does not play. All is panic, comic panic; never did I see such a sight in such a place."

"My word!" gasped Mrs. Ruddy.

"Then a hissing begins to make itself heard. At first the tender-hearted people begin to hiss to quiet the hard-hearted ones who are laughing. Then the hard-hearted ones begin to hiss to quiet the singer. But that nothing can do till the bitter end is arrived. Her last cadenza is two fighting cats falling off a high building. Her final high note is like a circus calliope when the steam gives out, and for the finishing touch her voice breaks.

"The singer she walks off the stage and house gives a yell of joy and delight. Back the poor thing comes and bows and bows, and the laughing is a tornado. Never did I—never did anybody—see such a scene anywhere in this world."

He sank back exhausted from his reënactment of the incident, and Miss Boynton from below sent up a series of "Hosannas!" that must have caused acute distress if they reached their destination.

"My word!" commented Mrs. Ruddy, "and that 'appened in the Meetropolitan where I danced once! What did you say was the lady's stage name?"

"I didn't say," said Van Mieris, mopping his hot brow. "I don't remember."

"And you think Miss Boynton was the guilty party?"

"No, I don't," snapped Van Mieris. "Of course I don't."

But Mrs. Ruddy rocked on severely:

"Miss Boynton must be her. There couldn't be two such voices on earth."

"No," Van Mieris, convincing himself by brute force. "It couldn't have been. She said she had never been in New York. And she couldn't tell a lie."

"Couldn't, eh?" sniffed Mrs. Ruddy. "A woman who could sing like that is capable of anythink."

And suddenly they knew that Miss Boynton was with them. In the darkness that had smothered the room they felt a deeper shadow. Then they heard her in a speaking voice that seemed to have no kinship with the one she had been celebrating.

"My goodness, haven't you any light?"

She gave a little laugh of true music, and as she found the lamp and it illumined her figure yellowly it gave back her charming self to Van Mieris' possession.

He was speechless as a thief caught with a mind full of evil thoughts by a seraph. But Miss Boynton was not content with his silence or the anxious squeak of Mrs. Ruddy's guilty chair. She asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Of what, Miss Grace?" He found himself calling her by her first name for the first time. This touch of heart gave her new courage.

"Of my singing?" she insisted.

"Oh."

"Well—you don't say anything."

"I was trying to find the right word," he said earnestly, and hated Mrs. Ruddy for letting escape a little giggle which she tried to disguise as a cough.

"Please tell me frankly what you think," Miss Boynton urged. "Of course, the people here say I'm grand, but I should really value the opinion of a traveled musician like you."

Van Mieris paused on the brink, then took the chilling plunge.

"I—I agree with the people here."

"Really!" she cried. "Honestly? Oh, I'm so glad, so glad. You don't know how you encourage me. Of course, I'm all out of practice. I haven't sung for days and days, and besides, my throat is a little rough. Ahem! Ahem!"

Van Mieris noted the little coughs which no singer is honest enough not to add for good measure. He saw that Miss Boynton was as well satisfied with her voice as so meek a character could be with anything of her own. It made his escape the easier and therefore the more sneaking.

Music had been his religion—his only religion. He had fretted little over infractions of the ten commandments on his own part, and when other people's morals lapsed from the true pitch he felt it to be none of his business. But other people's musical salvation and sanctity were solemn matters to him. He was a priest to his art.

He had made it his creed always to tell persons who asked or invited his musical criticism just what he thought. His frankness won him more enemies than converts, but he was sustained by a lofty sense of orthodoxy.

Yet here he was forswearing his artistic credo to praise a village spinster who was musically an unredeemed pagan. The problems began to ferment within him, whether it were his true duty as a grateful man to tell her how bad she was, or to spare her feelings; to perjure himself like a gentleman, or to annihilate her like an artist.

But her pitiful thirst for his praise kept him ladling out compliments till he took refuge in a weak ruse: "My head begins to bother me some more; I am afraid I shall have to be sleeping."

Immediately Miss Boynton's whole thought of self was obliterated in a rush of tenderness for him. Her voice was so rich with compassion, her hands so soothing about his brow that she made a high art out of the office of nurse. He was glad he had lied to her. He felt that the truth would have been inhuman, impossible.

The next morning opened upon the world with the rhapsody of a pastoral symphony. The earth was alive with sudden spring, already scented with flowers not yet out of the sod. The breeze flowed in through the window in a high tide and fairly lifted and swept Van Mieris out of doors.

Silver day followed silver day until he found himself taking longer and longer walks, always with Miss Boynton. Mrs. Ruddy took little pleasure in these strolls; she who had gone about as if shod with wings could find no comfort in the alternate jab of crutch after crutch. She made various forays, but always gave up and turned back to sit on the porch, rocking eternally and regretting.

Van Mieris found Miss Boynton blooming like the incoming season. The people they passed looked at her with such friendship as they spoke that he realized her importance to this town. She went along the streets like music. Now and then a girl child would come up and take her hand and sidle shyly along with them, but when Van Mieris made some advance toward friendship the wild thing would take fright and dart away. Now and then a shabby-hatted boy would run up to her and proffer her a bundle of first flowers in a freckle-spattered hand, and

"I Ain't Any Shucks of a Musician, but She Gits Me!"

when she thanked him would snicker and choke and burrow in the ground with his little big toe. Towel-turbaned women shaking rugs from windows found time amid the throes of spring house-cleaning to call to Miss Boynton, and one leading citizen, undergoing the humiliation of beating a carpet, scraped the sweat from his dusty brow with a dusty thumb to shout Hello to her.

Van Mieris found her an incessant wonder in her own domain. His mind pored over her like an intricate score in which some new beauty is forever rewarding study. He had nearly laughed aloud when she told him that she was a teacher by profession, her specialties being piano, voice, French, drawing and fancy stitching. As he learned how large a place she held in the Carthaginian social fabric he began almost to be humble toward her.

She was a genius at listening. She never wearied of his talk of his life. She listened to his travels and his artistic wars as Desdemona to Othello's. He told her of the call of the violin to his young soul and it reminded her of Samuel's awakening by the Lord. He described the pains it took to learn the fingering and to keep the bow in the proper angles and planes, and he could see that she ached with sympathy. When he told her of some precocious victory she gloried as if the success had been her own. When he told of some defeat, she was crushed with mother pity, as if the boy he was then were the son she had never borne. The only angers he had ever known her to show were when he told of some of the harshnesses of critics at a time when they might have helped him. She flared as if she had seen a brute cowhiding a child.

There was something penetratingly winsome in her responsiveness to Van Mieris. He had never had a heart affair like this. He had loved other women more, but he had never liked anybody else so well. He had been far more excited over others, but never before so comfortable. His life had been always nomad. When other children were playing in vacant lots, he had been playing to crowded houses. While they slept at home, tucked in by their mothers, he had been what somebody had called a "folding Bedouin." He flitted from hotel to hotel, everlastingly a transient. It was hard to say which were worse—the good hotels of the cities or the bad hotels of the towns. All were alike in one vital thing, homelessness. He had always hated selecting his meals from crowded menu cards where there was everything and yet nothing. Victual, victual everywhere, and nothing fit to eat. He loved the plain fare of Widow Baldwin's boarding-house, because he escaped the irk of choice. He ate what was put before him, and never discovered that she always served corned beef on Mondays, mutton on Tuesdays, roast beef on Wednesdays, veal on Thursdays, fish on Fridays, roast beef on Saturdays, and on Sundays chicken or turkey, ice cream and pie.

And so his week drifted to its day of chicken and church. And this time Miss Boynton urged him to come to hear her sing. Mrs. Ruddy was asked, because she could not be left unasked. She accepted with the same curiosity which would have taken her to an aquarium.

A strange light dozed in the imitation stained-glass windows over the quaint people doubly rural in their obsolete finery. The bonnets of the women and the store clothes of the men amused Mrs. Ruddy till her whispers and titters were hushed by the stern looks from the neighboring pews.

Van Mieris loved it all—till the first hymn. It was one of Moody and Sankey's most moody-and-sankey tunes. The congregation straggled through it like a herd of mooing cows sauntering home at dusk. And he groaned to Mrs. Ruddy:

"The lowing herds wind slowly off the key."

The congregation was divided into three equal factions: the conservatives who kept piously a bar behind, the progressives who kept a bar ahead, and those who chanced to fall between and coincide with the squealing melodeon.

Then came the prayer, which filled Van Mieris with fatigue by its inordinate length and with wonderment at the subjects about which the pastor felt called upon to inform the Lord, who might have been supposed to know them already.

During the collection Miss Boynton sang her solo to the accompaniment of jingling coin. Her own piano had been out of tune, but it was better than the melodeon, whose reeds were badly voiced and frayed. The organist blandly pulled out all the stops, deaf to the shrieking discords they compelled.

As Miss Boynton rose behind a little hedge of flowers and stood waiting for the prelude to be finished, Van Mieris felt his heart surge toward her.

She reminded him of the "Marie" of Gottschall's poem which he himself had set to music, as had almost every other composer. He felt like the wanderer who, seeing Marie among her flowers, lifts his hat in silent benediction.

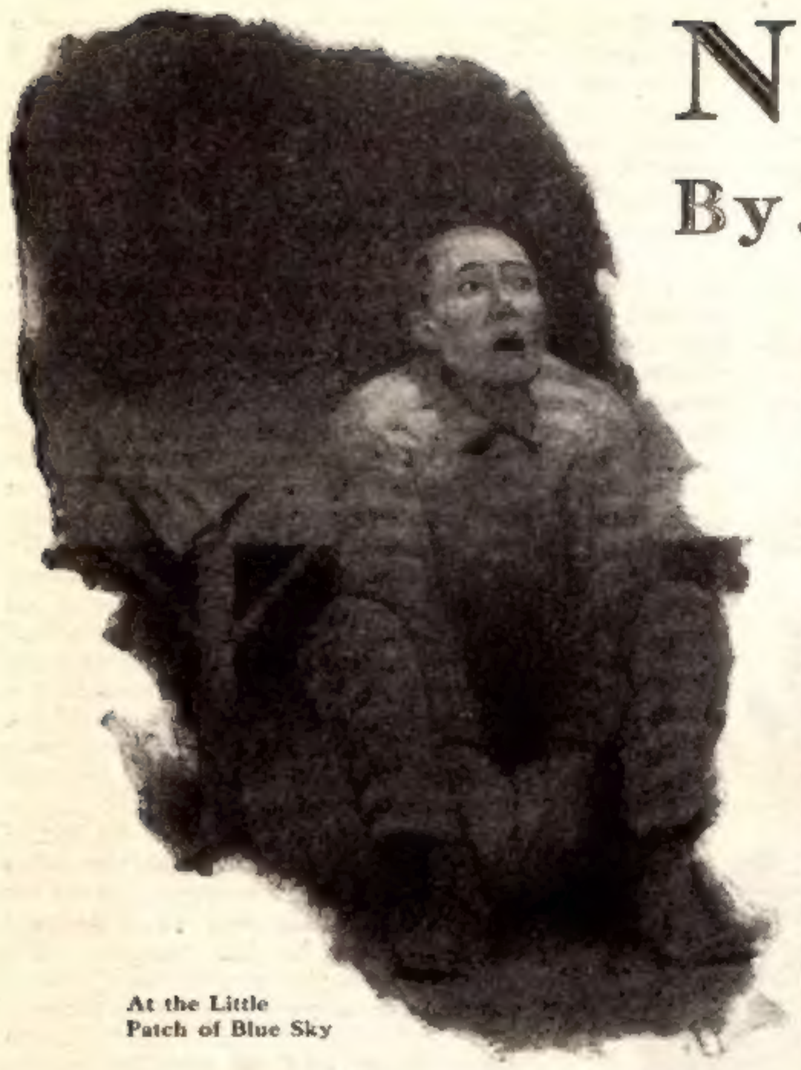
Thou art thyself a very prayer—
So pure, so good, so fair.

He felt in his heart the same cry, "Oh, may no tempest break thy flowers, nor yet thy heart, Marie." He thought of the scene in the Metropolitan and wondered if it could have been her heart that had broken before the tempest of public ridicule. He looked at her serene, contented face and found no scar of such a tragedy. He was convinced that she was not the woman he had seen confronting that crowded arena with its jeers and its hilarious "Thumbs down!" for the martyr.

And then she sang. If only she had not sung! It was worse than ever before. It was like sprinkling vinegar on the milk of human kindness. When she sat down, Mrs. Ruddy nudged him with her bony little elbow and whispered:

"Why couldn't they 'ave hamputated her voice and left me me leg?"

(Continued on Page 22)



At the Little Patch of Blue Sky

NUMBER 9009

By James Hopper and Fred. R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

VI

AS THE line emerged from the jute-mill 9009, who had placed himself at its head, was called out by Jennings and taken to the office of the captain of the yard. It was the same room in the centre of which he had stood on his first day, six months before, following the sputtering pen of the smiling clerk as it wrote his history in an entry of five spaces across the lined page of the book. He now sat on a bench by the door, watching and listening.

The four jute-mill guards were all there; three of them talked in an undertone about the captain's flat-topped desk, but Jennings, though in the group, was silent, toying with the file-knife which lay on the desk. No. 9009 scanned the weapon; it held a fascination to him. He noted its weight. One could hack or stab with it. It would split a skull or sever a rib. And the red-striped convict had been able to get a file and manufacture this thing. And hide it till ready. A man could do many things under the noses of the guards. If he didn't have his "copper" to look out for.

No. 9009 drew his eyes from the knife. In a corner of the room, tilted back in his chair, sat the trusty who six months before had taken his picture, with that of the garroter, now dead, and that of the murderer, whom he never saw. The man had not changed. His striped garments, tailored almost to dandiness, were carefully pressed; his patent-leather shoes shone; his linen collar was spotless; in his tie was a pearl scarfpin. And his shiny black hair was parted foppishly in two bangs that descended upon the low and livid forehead.

A door swung open and the captain entered. The trusty met him at the desk and began speaking.

He spoke in an undertone, deferentially but persuasively. As he bent his head, passing his tongue between his thin lips, his hazel eyes shifted, showing green lights. He held a cigar between his long, white fingers; now and then he flicked off the ashes nervously.

The blue-clad captain was shaking his head as he listened, and a frown, cutting the narrow space between his shaggy brows, told of worry. He was built on square lines, and his jaw was heavy, but he showed now no decision in his manner. It was the thin-faced trusty who was deciding through the persuasive hiss of his whispering. Fragments of sentences reached 9009. They were discussing the punishment of some convict, some convict other than himself.

"Dangerous man—these two breaks, remember—not broken," in detached hissing bits from the trusty, whose eyes flickered green.

Then the subdued but big, growling voice of the captain: "A long talk with him—talked right—willing to be a good dog—two years' solitary—broken now."

Again the detached hisses: "Yes, but—remember—bad one—more."

The whispering sunk still lower; an assurance was coming into the trusty's manner. The captain's head dropped in assent. He had evidently yielded. But the perplexed frown was still on his forehead as now he turned to the guards. The trusty followed him. His white face was placid with satisfaction. A hot hate rose through 9009. So that was the way they did it; that was the way they sent a man to the solitary or to the whipping-post! Unconsciously, his eyes roved back to the knife, lying there, heavy, upon the desk.

One after the other the jute-mill guards told their stories of the murder and of the shooting to the captain, while he sat at his desk, listening closely. The trusty sat near him, making notes on a shorthand pad, his sharp, white face thrust avidly forward. The captain listened in silence, drumming on the desk with his thick fingers. Once he picked up the file-knife and examined it. Occasionally a guard would halt at a sign from the trusty and would repeat some part of his statement. Each, as he finished, left the office, and finally it was Jennings' turn to speak. He bent his face close to the captain's and talked a long time. No. 9009 could not catch what he said, but once he saw the captain look up and glance sharply toward him. Then Jennings straightened up. He had finished. He looked into the captain's eyes. The captain nodded silently, a triple nod that told of understanding, agreement and promise. Jennings turned and went out. The case of 9009 had been decided.

Suddenly 9009 found himself on his feet, and a voice he hardly recognized as his own was bellowing: "Say, don't I get any say about this? Don't I get any say?"

The trusty, who was near the door, turned and threw back a glance half curious, half ironical, then went on, softly, on the balls of his feet, into an inner office. The captain did not look up; he sat drumming the desk with his thick fingers. But the scowl had deepened between his shaggy brows, and his eyes had become very small. No. 9009 dropped back upon the bench; he gripped the edge and waited. And again, irresistibly, his eyes wandered to the file-knife, lying heavy on the desk.

"Collins, come over here." The captain's voice was quiet, but leaden. No. 9009 rose slowly and came near, the desk between them. The captain took the file-knife and locked it in a drawer above his knees. Then he sat regarding the convict in silence. As he looked into the sombre eyes of the captain and at the scowl between his shaggy brows, 9009 let his head go back, stiffening his thick neck, and his under-jaw thrust itself slightly forward. He could not help it; the movement was a pure reflex, as unconscious as the threat-grimace of a dog meeting the growl of another dog. The captain watched the change, searching the hard face before him. Then he spoke, slowly, uttering each word with great distinctness.

"You watched Japanese Tommy kill Thurston this afternoon, and you didn't call a guard nor make a signal." He paused. A twitch of protest rose from 9009's feet along his whole body. But it had not time to find voice; the captain was speaking again with his heavy pounding inflection: "And a month ago you heard Smith and Boone saw their bars—you heard 'em for weeks—and you said nothing."

No. 9009 sickened. He felt as if a great net had fallen about him, over his head, around his arms. They had known this all the time! They had known it and had kept it all this time, waiting for their good chance. He continued staring at the captain, eye to eye, silently, but a little haze of sweat, like the film on the window-pane of a heated room, was coming upon his forehead.

"Wilson!" the captain called out without moving.

The trusty came from the inner office. His tongue passed between his thin lips, catlike. "Get me number eight key," said the captain.

"I know you like a book," the captain went on, almost indifferently, to 9009; "I've handled the likes of you for years, and"—he paused thoughtfully—"I generally manage to break you fellows." He glanced up sharply at 9009 and, without looking, took a heavy key from Wilson, who had come with it behind him; then went on, pointing at the key with his index finger: "You come here thinkin' you were bigger than the guards; and we've known you from the start, and watched you. You're the kind that generally manages to lose your 'copper'"—9009 went yellow. The captain rose and stood still a moment. "You *ought* to lose it for this affair," he went on—9009 swallowed hard—"but I'm going to give you one more chance; I'll give you a taste of what we have for you bad men." He weighed upon the last three words heavily, with ponderous sarcasm, but this was lost on 9009. He was taking a big gulp of relief. "Come on," said the captain.

They went, without a word, across the yard to one of the cell-houses, and down a flight of stairs to the basement. The captain stopped before a heavy door of oak, studded with spikes, and signed to a trusty who met him there. The man swung open the outdoor of oak and then an inner door of smooth steel. No. 9009 entered. The door creaked shut behind him; the outer door slammed; he heard a bolt fall. And there was no longer sound or sight.

He stood on a steel floor in darkness. This darkness was absolute. It seemed to have weight, to press down upon him. It smothered. And there was no sound. It was as though he were buried deeply with tons and tons of silent earth upon him. He stood still a long moment while this feeling enwrapped him slowly; then he stepped forward on tiptoe, reaching with hands before him, till he touched a wall. It was of steel, and he ran his fingers over rivets. Face to this wall he moved to the right, struck a corner, then another wall; another corner, another wall; another corner, another wall; a fourth corner, and the wall from which he had started. But missing his tale he went about a fifth corner, counting it as the fourth, had a vague sense of mistake, and then, suddenly, a dizziness made him sway on his legs. He had lost his bearings; it was as if the whole world had revolved several times.

Controlling the sickness within him he went around the cell several times, eyes shut, groping carefully; and at last, like a blessing, there came to his finger-tips the feel of the joining of the door-edge; and the world, swinging, readjusted itself; and again, in his head, like a reassurance, he held the picture of the prison. Preserving this carefully, he dropped to his hands and knees and crawled over the floor. It stretched, smooth, without a wrinkle, between the four smooth walls; there was on it nothing, not a stool, not a blanket—nothing.

He stood up in the centre. There oozed to him not a drop of light; above his head, cold eddies of air passed like

Aimed Carefully at His Breast, Each with His Index Finger Upon His Rifle-Trigger

vague beings. A desire was growing upon him—a desire to beat upon the floor and walls, to hammer and to shout.

To resist it he sat upon the floor; it was cold and very hard. He tried to lie down and relax himself to patience He began to wonder how long he had been here. He did not know if it was an hour or a minute.

He tried talking to himself. A timidity, a diffidence overwhelmed him as he heard this voice, sounding strange to him. He closed his lips. But, in a little while, he heard himself again speaking aloud, and he was cursing. According to the legends of prison-life, this is a sign of coming insanity; so, crouching in the centre of the walled-in darkness, he occupied his mind by counting his "copper."

He reduced to days his sentence; then to days his "copper"; then to days his sentence minus his "copper"; then to days his sentence minus his "copper" minus the days already served. He did this many times by different processes.

But insensibly he passed from this, and a vision came to him. As he crouched there in the centre of this cubical, compressed blackness, he saw suddenly the captain's flat-topped desk and the knife upon it. He saw this sharply—its gray color, spotted with brown stain, its heavy back, with the file-rasp still upon it, the keen blade, the needle-like point; he could feel its weight, its well-balanced weight, that admitted of cracking a skull or carving out a rib.

Then he saw the red-striped convict spring upon the garroter leapfrog fashion and entwine his legs about his neck while the knife went up and down with a pumping movement. He saw his nostrils, breathing joy as he stabbed, stabbed again, stabbed, stabbed; his eyes blazing joy. And he saw him lying on his back, his legs still entwined, looking up with his white face, now full of peace and of satiety ——

When, the next morning after breakfast, the captain of the yard saw 9009 emerge from the dungeon, he noted that the convict's eyes were bloodshot, and that heavy lines had sprung, overnight, from the ends of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth.

VII

"LISTEN!" A shock-headed, square-bodied, little safe-cracker, called "Shorty" Hayes, and doing fifty years, admonished 9009 in the subtle language of those who are watched

The two sat on a board, suspended by ropes from the roof, far above the ground, painting the wall. They had been working all day and had arrived to the space immediately below the windows of the office of the captain of the yard.

"Shorty" did not speak aloud. He did not use his tongue at all. He talked with his eyes—a single sharp shifting of the eyeballs and a flash of light from them, both shift and light-flash moving toward the window, slightly ajar just above their heads.

It was Jennings who was talking within the office. His voice suddenly had gone to a lower key. "Things are moving," he said quietly.

There was the creak of an office-chair turning in its socket; then the subdued but big, growling voice of the captain.

"Good. Will it come through?"

The voice of Jennings came back with metallic positiveness.

"Yes—four of them are framing. Inside of a month that fool Miller will be giving away his clothes again and telling his friends he's going to be paroled. There'll like enough be a dozen of them in it by that time ——"

"Can we handle it?" The captain's voice was anxious.

"Leave that to me. One of the four is my man. How's the warden?"

"The governor is just aching for a chance to get at him. You work that, and he's done for. And there'll be something for you and me ——"

Just then the trusty in charge called 9009 and the safe-cracker down for dinner, and 9009 heard nothing more. He was not interested, anyway. He was still keeping to himself with savage determination and hugging his "copper." In that alone was he interested, in that and a subtle combat going on between himself and the whole prison.

He had become—he saw this plainly—the butt of a series of petty persecutions which he ascribed to Jennings. This painting was one of them. The turpentine made him deathly sick, yet he was kept at it for a straight three weeks. He was often given the more loathsome prison work. At meals, if a convict within ten places from him broke the rule by talking, it was he, 9009, who was accused and punished by being deprived of his next meal. At the jute-mill Jennings tormented him subtly. He would plant himself behind 9009, boring into his back with his hard eyes, while the convict fought, under these conditions, to keep his attention rigid upon the machine, with its ceaseless exactions.

What had happened was this. From the first Jennings had decided that 9009 was a "bad one." He had sowed this belief into the mind of the captain of the yard. The captain had passed it on to the other guards. And the trusties had soon caught the hint. Jennings, the captain and the guards were engaged in "breaking" 9009; the trusties, catching with their infallible noses the desire of their protectors, were ceaselessly watching for 9009's first stumble, counting up already the Judas reward that would come of it. But 9009 did not understand all this He knew only, vaguely, that he was being attacked, and that he must not strike back.

Depriving him of his sunlight was the worst.

Every alternating Sunday the inmates of one of the cell-houses had two hours of recreation in the yard while those of the second cell-house were at chapel.

For two of these alternating Sundays it had rained. When the third came 9009 was famished. It was sunny

He Talked with His Eyes—a Single Sharp Shifting of the Eyeballs and a Flash of Light from Them

in the yard; a soft breeze, laden with a scent of warm, wet earth and lush grass, was rolling languidly over the walls; it passed the chapel and carried to the cell-house the sound of women's voices, singing. But the men in the cell-house did not listen. They stood at lock-step in the corridor, their feet shuffling on the concrete floor. The line was moving very slowly toward the outer door; at times a tremor as of impatience passed along its gray links.

Jennings stood at the door of the cell-house. As each man slid forward to him he handed him a slip of paper, his pass. Without this pass no convict could stay in the yard The sallow guard glanced coldly at each felon; occasionally his white-gray eyes roved back along the line. Once, as they settled upon 9009, they glinted; then the blurring film crept back over them.

Finally 9009, now the head of the diminished line, was standing at the door, his eyes upon the ground, his right hand held up for the pass, and there was a weary hunger in his face.

"Well?" said Jennings sharply.

"My pass," said 9009, his eyes on the ground, his hand still held out.

"Go on," said Jennings; "don't be stopping the line."

"My pass," repeated 9009 doggedly; "you didn't give me no pass."

"You lie," said Jennings evenly; "how many passes do you want?"

No. 9009's hand dropped; then rose again in mute begging gesture

"Move on," Jennings ordered.

The striped line surged forward, and 9009, forced through the door, passed out into the sunlit yard.

It was warm; the sunshine was a golden downpour; the breeze, rolling languidly over the wall, fell into the yard heavy with the scent of wet earth and lush grass; a bee, afloat upon it, came buzzing from the outer world and thrice circled 9009 with its murmur, like a consolatory secret. And the earth, hard-beaten though it was by thousands of clumsy brogans, was springy underfoot, elastic as steel and concrete were not; and the dome above was high and blue, and away up at its apex was a little white cloud. When you looked up at the little white cloud it seemed to recede, farther and farther up and away; but when, after deceiving it by gazing at the ground for a time, you looked up at it again, there it was, back in the same place. Vaguely 9009 enjoyed all this; but all the time he was moving from group to group, trying to evade as long as possible the guard who had begun already to collect the passes.

There was noise in the yard, the noise of men's voices lifted unrestrained like the voices of boys in a schoolyard. The convicts had thrown themselves into play with violence.

Two sides were busy in a ball game. A ring of stripes-clad spectators pressed close about the home-plate where "Shorty," the shock-headed, square-bodied little safe-cracker, was standing, swinging his bat in circles, bringing it down upon the plate resonantly. He was jeering the pitcher, a long, pale-faced sneak-thief, who, winding himself up ostentatiously for his delivery, looked in his stripes like a snake upright on its tail. And behind this one and to the right, a short, wiry pickpocket bent his body and straightened it nervously, and rubbed his thin-fingered hands together, watching the batter with ferret eyes. Behind the safe-cracker a tall, gaunt highwayman named Miller—he had been leader in several attempts to escape and had a mania for giving away his clothes before such breaks—crouched in his red stripes, eyes gleaming. Suddenly, the pitcher's contorted body unlocked with a snap; the ball sped, white in the sunlight; the safe-cracker swung his bat with terrific force, wildly; the ball thumped into the broad mitt of the red-striped highwayman. "Strike one," yelled the umpire, a stony-faced confidence-man. The crowd whooped. The safe-cracker spat in his hands, taking his bat with a new grip. The pickpocket threw a back handspring.

In a corner, near the stone building where were the condemned and solitary cells, two bullet-headed burglars were shoving their hands into tattered boxing-gloves; without premonitory fiddling, they began slamming blows thick and fast into each other's faces. Near them, men were pitching quoits, using horseshoes; they capered wildly as each horseshoe rose high into the air, and shouted after it as if to direct its flight.

All these men played without repression, with violence. And even those who merely walked, singly or in pairs, threw out their legs like horses just out of the stable. All save a few who paced stiffly with bowed heads, hands folded behind them—they were old-timers—and one or two who stood still or moved only to spasms of impulse, talking aloud to themselves—these had tempted madness by counting their days too often in the darkness of dungeon or the drear of "solitary."

"Where's your pass?"

No. 9009 started. He had forgotten.

"I got none," he said sullenly to the guard at his elbow.

"Go in, then."

The guard spoke without passion or resentment, almost wearily. He waved his hand toward the cell-house. No. 9009 went back to his cell.

He went back to his cell and sat down on his three-legged stool. After a while, still seated, he began to slide the stool across the steel floor in little jumps, his eyes, meanwhile, turned upward attentively. When thus, in small tentative slides, he had covered the few square yards of the cell's free area, he returned to a point near the centre, moved a fraction of an inch forward, then a still smaller fraction to the right, and was still, his big, clasped hands hanging loosely between his knees, his eyes turned upward. The posture emphasized the heaviness of his

(Continued on Page 27)

THE HEART OF GOLIATH

How the Captain Came Home

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLEN TRUE

He Stared Past Me as if I Had Been Quite Invisible

I FIRST saw him on the platform just before my train pulled out from Sioux City to Aberdeen. He was a perfect mountain—an Alp, a Himalaya—of man. He must have been well toward seven feet tall; and so vast were his proportions that as he stooped to the window to buy his ticket he reminded me of a mastiff peering into a mouse's hole. From a distance—one could scarcely take in the details at close range—I studied him as a remarkable specimen of the brawny Western farmer, whose score in any exhibition would be lowered by one fact only: lofty as his height was, he was getting too heavy for it.

I had to go into the smoking-car to find a vacant seat, and there I could see but one. I had but just slipped into it when in came the Gargantuan farmer and sat down all over me, in a seemingly ruthless exercise of his undoubted right to half the seat, and his unquestionable ability to appropriate as much more as his dimensions required. Falstaff with his page reminded himself of a sow that had overwhelmed all her litter save one: I felt like the last of the litter in process of smothering. And he was as ignorant of my existence, apparently, as could possibly be required by the comparison.

He wore with bucolic negligence clothes of excellent quality. His hat was broad as a prairie. I have no idea where such hats are bought. I am sure I never saw one of such amplitude of brim on sale anywhere. It was of the finest felt, and had a band of heavy leather pressed into a design in bas-relief. A few dried alfalfa leaves had lodged in the angle between the crown and the brim, and clung there, even when he took the hat off to wipe his brow, thus giving me a view of the plateau of felt, which I should never have obtained otherwise.

His face was enormous but not puffy; and the red veinlets on the cheek and nose had acquired their varicosity by weathering rather than by indulgence. His hair was clipped short, as though he had had a complete job done as a measure of economizing time. He had a high beak of a nose, with rugged promontories of bone at the bridge like the shoulders of a hill; and his mouth was a huge but well-shaped feature, hard and inflexible like the mouth of a cave.

His shirt was of blue flannel, clean and fine, and its soft roll collar fell away from his great muscular neck unconfined and undecorated by any sort of cravat. His tun of a torso bulged roundly out in front of me like the sponson of a battleship. Stretched across the immense waistcoat was a round, spirally-fluted horsehair watchguard as big as a rope, with massive golden fastenings; and suspended from it was a golden steer made by some artificer who had followed Cellini afar off, if at all, and which gave the area, one must use geographical terms in describing the man, an auriferous and opulent appearance.

His trousers were spotted with the stains of stables; and his huge boots, like barges, had similar discolorations overlaying a brilliant shine. He carried one of those heavy white sticks with which the drovers and dealers at the Sioux City stockyards poke the livestock and take the liberties accorded to prospective purchasers with pigs and bullocks. On the crook of this he rested his great hands, one piled upon the other, and stared, as if fascinated by them, at four soldiers returning from service in the Philippines, who had two seats turned together, and were making a gleeful function of their midday meal, startling the South Dakota atmosphere with the loud use of strange-sounding expressions in Tagalog and Spanish, and, with military brutality, laughing at the dying struggles of a fellow-man being slowly pressed to death under that human landslide. I resented their making light of such a subject.

My oppressor stared at them with a grim and unwavering gaze that finally seemed to put them out and set them ill at ease; for they became so quiet that we could hear noises other than theirs. Once in a while, however, they winked at me to show their appreciation of my agonies, and made remarks about the water-cure and the like, meant for my ears. My incubus seemed not to hear a word of this badinage. I wondered if he were not deaf, or a little wrong in his intellect. The train stopped at a little station just as I had become quite desperate, and two men sitting in front of us got off. With the superhuman strength of the last gasp I surged under my tormentor—and he noticed me. I verily believe that until that instant he had not known of my presence; he gave such a deliberate sort of start.

"Excuse me!" said he. "Forgot they was any one here—let me fix you!"

He had already almost done so; but he meant well. He rose to take the vacated seat; but with a glance at the soldiers he threw the back over, turned his back to them and his face to me, and sat down. His ponderous feet like valises rested on each side of mine, his body filled the seat from arm to arm. For a while, even after discovering me, he stared past me as if I had been quite invisible. I saw a beady perspiration on his brow as if he were under some great stress of feeling. It was getting uncanny. I understood now how the soldiers, now breaking forth into riot again, had been suppressed by that stony regard. When he spoke, however, it was in commonplaces.

"They're lots of 'em comin' back," said he.

A slow thrust of the bulky thumb over his shoulder indicated that he meant soldiers. I nodded assent. A great many were returning just then.

"Jack's come back," said he; "quite a while."

His voice was in harmony with his physique—deep, heavy, rough. Raised in rage it might have matched the intonations of Stentor, and terrified a thousand foes; for it was a phenomenal voice. The rumble of the train was a piping treble compared with it.

"You don't know Jack, do yeh?" he asked.

"I think not," said I.

"Course not," he replied. "Fool question! An' yit, he used to know most of you fellers."

I wondered just what he might mean by "you fellows," but he was silent again.

"You don't live near here," he stated at last.

"No," said I. "I am just passing through."

"If you lived in these parts," said he, "you'd know him."

"I dare say," I replied. "Who is Jack?"

I was a little piqued at his rudeness; for he returned no reply. Then I saw that he was gazing into vacancy again so absently that I should have pronounced his case one of mental trouble if his appearance had not been so purely physical. He took from a cigar-case a big, dark, massive cigar, clubhouse shape like himself, gave it to me and lighted the twin of it. I thought myself entitled to reparation for his maltreatment of me, and, seeing that it was a good cigar, I took it. As for any further converse, I had given that up, when there rumbled forth from him a soliloquy rather than a story. He appeared to have very little perception of me as an auditor. I think now that he must have been in great need of some one to whom he might talk, and that his relations to those about him forbade any outpouring of expression. He seemed all the time in the attitude of repelling attack. He did not move save as he applied the cigar to his lips or took it away, and his great voice rolled forth in subdued thunder.

"I've got four sections of ground," said he, "right by the track. . . . Show you the place when we go through. Of course I've got a lot of other truck scattered around. . . . Land at the right figger you've got to buy—got to. . . . But when I hadn't but the four sections—one section overruns so they's a little over twenty-six hundred acres—I thought 'twas about the checker f'r a man with three boys. . . . One f'r each o' them, an' the home place f'r mother if anything happened. . . . Mother done jest as much to help git the start as I did. . . . Plumb as much—if not more

"Tom an' Wallace is good boys—none better. I'd about as quick trust either of 'em to run the place as to trust myself."

There was a candid self-esteem in the word "about" and his emphasis on it.

"I sent Wallace," he resumed, "into a yard of feeders in Montana to pick out a trainload o' tops with a brush and paint-pot, an' I couldn't 'a' got a hundred dollars better deal if I'd spotted 'em myself. . . . That's goin' some f'r a kid not twenty-five. Wallace knows critters . . . f'r a boy . . . mighty well. . . . An' Tom's got a way of handlin' land to get the last ten bushel of corn to the acre that beats me with all my experience. . . . These colleges where they study them things do some good, I s'pose; but it's gumption, an' not schoolin', that makes boys like Tom an' Wallace. . . . They're all right. . . . They'd 'a' made good anyhow."

I could feel an invidious comparison between Tom and Wallace, of whom he spoke with such laudatory emphasis, and some one else whom I suspected to be the Jack who had come back from the Philippines; and his next utterance proved this instinctive estimate of the situation to be correct. He went on, slower than before, with long pauses in which he seemed lost in thought, and in some of which I gave up, without much regret, I confess, the idea of ever hearing more of Jack or his brothers.

"Jack was always mother's boy," said he. "Mother's boy . . . you know how it is. . . . Make beds, an' dust, an' play the pianah, an' look after the flowers! . . . Wasn't bigger'n nothin', either. . . . Girl, I always thought, by good rights. I remember . . . mother wanted him to be a girl. . . . She was on the square with the children . . . but if any boy got a shade the best of it anywhere along the line, it was Jack. . . . I don't guess Tom an' Wallace ever

"Is that All Right?" He Asked
"Is the Spellin' All Right?"

noticed; but maybe Jack got a leetle the soft side o' things from mother. . . . Still, she's al'ays been dumbed square. . . .

"I seen as soon as he got old enough to take holt, an' didn't, that he wasn't wuth a cuss. . . . Never told mother, an' never let on to the boys; but I could see he was no good, Jack wasn't. . . . Some never owns up when it's their own folks . . . but what's the use lyin'? . . . Hed to hev a swaller-tailed coat, an' joined a 'country club' down to town—an' him a-livin' in the middle of a strip o' country a mile wide an' four long, wuth a hundred dollars an acre . . . all ourn . . . goin' out in short pants to knock them little balls around that cost fifty cents apiece. I didn't let myself care much about it; but 'country club!'"

He had visualized for me the young fellow unfitted to his surroundings, designed on a scale smaller than the sons of Anak about him, deft in little things, finical in dress, fond of the leisure and culture of the club, oppressed with the roughnesses and vastnesses about his father's farms, too tender for the wild winds and burning suns, with nerves attuned to music and art rather than to the crushing of obstacles and the defeat of tasks: and all the while the image of "mother" brooded over him. All this was vividly in the picture—very vividly, considering the unskillful brush with which it had been limned—but just as it began to appeal to me, Anak fell quiescent.

"I never thought he was anything wuss than wuthless," he went on, at last, "till he come to me to git some money he'd lost at this here club. . . . Thirty-seven dollars an' fifty cents. . . . Gamblin' . . . I told him not by a darned sight; an' he cried—cried like a baby. . . . I'd 'a' seen him jugged 'fore I'd 'a' give him thirty-seven fifty of my good money lost that way. . . . Not me. . . . Wallace give him the money f'r his shotgun. . . . An' mother—she al'ays knowed when Jack had one o' his girl-cryin' fits—she used to go up after Jack come in them nights, an' when he got asleep so he wouldn't know it she'd go in an' kiss him. . . . Watched and ketched her at it, but never let on. . . . She run down bad—gittin' up before daylight an' broke of her rest like that. . . . I started in oncet to tell her he was no good, but I jest couldn't. . . . Turned it off on a hoss by the name o' Jack we had, an' sold him to make good f'r twenty-five dollars less'n he was wuth, ruther'n tell her what I started to. . . . She loved that wuthless boy, neighbor—there ain't no use denyin' it, she did love him."

He paused a long while, either to ponder on the strange infatuation of "mother" for "Jack" or to allow me to digest his statement. A dog—one of the shaggy brown enthusiasts that chase trains—ran along by the cars until distanced, and then went back wagging his tail as if he had expelled from the neighborhood some noxious trespasser—as he may have conceived himself to have done. Goliath watched him with great apparent interest.

"Collie," said he, at last. "Know anything about collies? Funny dogs! Lick one of 'em oncet an' he's never no good any more. . . . All kind o' shruvle up by lickin' they're that tender-hearted. . . . Five year ago this fall Tom spiled a fifty-dollar pedigreed collie by jest slappin' his ears an' jawin' him. . . . Some critters is like that . . . Jack . . . was!"

He faltered here, and then flamed out into pugnacity, squaring his huge jaw as if I had accused him—as I did in my heart, I suspect.

"But the dog," he rumbled, "was wuth somethin'—Jack never was. . . . Cryin' around f'r thirty-seven fifty! . . . Talkin' o' debts o' honor! . . . That showed me plain enough he wasn't wuth botherin' with. . . . Got his mother to come an' ask f'r an allowance o' money—so much a month. . . . Ever hear of such a thing? An' him not turnin' his hand to a lick of work except around the house helpin' mother. . . . Tom an' Wallace hed quite a little start in livestock by this time, an' money in bank. . . . Jack hed the same lay, but he fooled his away—fooled it away. . . . Broke flat all the time, an' wantin' an allowance. . . . Mother said the young sprouts at the club had allowances . . . an' he read in books that laid around the house about fellers in England an' them places havin' allowances an' debts of honor. . . . Mother seemed to think one while that we was well enough off so we could let Jack live like the fellers in the books. . . . He lived more in them books than he did in South Dakoty, an' talked book lingo. . . . Mother soon see she was wrong. . . . She was some hurt b'cause I talked to the neighbors about Jack bein' plumb no good. . . . I don't know who told her. . . . I didn't want the neighbors to think I was fooled by him. . . . I never said nothing to mother, though. . . . She couldn't f'rget thet he was her boy, an' she kep' on lovin' him. . . . Nobody orto blame her much f'r that, no matter what he done. . . . You know how it is with women.

"One time purty soon after the thirty-seven fifty deal a bad check f'r two hundred come into my bundle o' canceled vouchers at the bank, an' I knowed in a minute who'd done it. . . . Jack had been walkin' the floor nights f'r quite a spell, an' his eyes looked like a heifer's that's lost her calf. . . . He hed a sweetheart in town. . . . Gal from the East . . . big an' dark an' strong enough to take Jack up an' spank him. . . . It was her brother Jack had lost the money to. Jack jest wrote my name on a check—never tried to imitate my fist much—an' the bank paid it. . . . When I come home a-lookin' the way a man does that's been done that way by a boy o' his'n, mother told me Jack was gone an' handed me a letter he left f'r me. . . . I never read it. . . . Went out to the barn so mother wouldn't see me, an' tore it up. . . . I'd 'a' been damned before I'd 'a' read it!"

He gloomed out over my head in an expressionless way that aroused all the curiosity I am capable of feeling as to the actual workings of another's mind. He seemed to be under the impression that he had said a great many things

He Balanced Himself as if with Difficulty, and—Saluted

in the pause that ensued; or he regarded my understanding as of small importance; for he recommenced at a point far advanced in his narrative.

"——'N' finely," said he, very calmly, "we thought she was goin' to die. I asked the doctor what we could do, an' he told me what. . . . Knowed all the boys since he helped 'em into the world, you know—a friend more'n a doctor—an' he allowed it was Jack she was pinin' f'r. So I goes to her, a-layin' in bed as white as a sheet, an' I says, 'Mother, if they's anything you want, you can hev it, if it's on earth, no matter how no-account I think it is!' . . . A feller makes a dumb fool of himself such times, neighbor; but mother was good goods when we was poor an' young—any one of the neighbors can swear to that. . . . She looks up at me . . . an' whispers low . . . 'Go an' find him!' . . . An' I went.

"I knowed purty nigh where to look. I went to Chicago. He'd dropped clean down to the bottom, neighbor. . . . Playin' a pianah . . . f'r his board an' lodgin' an' beer . . . in . . . in a beer hall."

I was quite sure, he paused so long, that he had told all he had to narrate of this history of the boy who could not stand punishment, and was so much like a collie; and I knew from the manner in which he had lapsed into silence, more than from what he had said, what a dark passage it was.

"Well," he resumed finally, "I hed my hands spread to strangle him right there. . . . I could 'a' done it all right—he was that peaked an' little. . . . He wouldn't 'a' weighed more'n a hundred an' fifty—an' *my* son! . . . I could 'a' squshed the life out of him with my hands—an' it was all right if I hed. . . . You bet it was! . . . Not that I cared f'r the two hundred dollars. I could spare that all right. I'll lose that much on a fair proposition any time. . . . But to take that thing back to mother . . . from where I picked it up from!

"I reckon I was ruther more gentle with Jack goin' home than I ever was before. . . . I hed to be. They was no way out of it except to be easy with him—'r lam the life out of him an' take him home on a cot . . . an' mother needed him in runnin' order. So I got him clothes, an' had him bathed, an' he got shaved as he used to be—he had growed a beard—an' I rode in one car an' him in another. . . . When mother seed him, her an' him cried together f'r I s'pose it might have been two hours 'r two and a quarter, off an' on, an' whispered together, an' then she went to sleep holdin' his hand, an' begun to pick up, an' Jack went back to his own ways, an' the rest of us to ourn, an' it was wuss than ever. . . . An' when he sold a team o' mine an' skipped ag'in, I was glad, I tell you, to be shet of him. . . . An' they could do the mile to the pole in twenty, slick as a mice.

"Next time mother an' Wallace went an' got him. . . . Mother found out some way that he was dyin' in a horsepittle in Minneapolis. . . . He claimed he'd been workin' f'r a real-estate firm; but I had the thing looked up . . . an' I couldn't find where any of our name had done nothing. . . . An' it seemed as ef we'd never git shet of him. . . . That sounds hard; but he was a kind of a disease, by this time—a chronic, awful painful, worryin' disease, like consumption. . . . An' we couldn't git cured of him, an' we couldn't die. . . . It was kind o' tough. He moped around, an' mother had some kind o' promise out of him that he wouldn't leave her no more, an' he was pleadin' with her to let him go, an' Tom an' Wallace an' me never sayin' a word to him, when this here Philippine War broke out . . . you know what it's about—I never did . . . an' Jack wanted to enlist.

"'I can't let him go!' says mother.

"'Let him go,' says I. 'If he'll go, let him!'

"Mother looks at me whiter'n I ever expect to see her ag'in but once, maybe; an' the next morning she an' Jack goes to the county seat, an' he enlists. I went down when the rig'ment was all got together. Mother an' me has always had a place where we kep' all the money they was in the house, as much hern as mine, an' she took five twenty-dollar gold pieces out of the pile, an' sewed 'em in a chamois-skin bag all wet with her cryin' . . . an' never sayin' a word . . . an' she hangs it round his neck, an' hung to him an' kissed him till it sort of bothered the boss of the rig'ment—some kind of colonel—because he wanted the men to march, you know, an' didn't seem to like to make mother fall back. . . . She seemed to see how it was, finely, an' fell back, an' this colonel made the motion to her with his sword they do to their superiors, an' they marched. . . . Jack stood straighter than any one in the line, an' had a new sort of look to him. . . . He everidged up purty good, too, in hithe. . . . I don't see much to this soldier business. . . . Maybe, that's why he looked the part so well. . . . I give the captain a hundred f'r him. . . . Jack sent it back from a place they call Sanfrisco, without a word. 'So much saved!' says I. He was wuthless as ever."

The immense voice labored, broke, stopped—the man seemed weary and overcome. To afford him an escape from the story that seemed to have mastered him like the Ancient Mariner's, I called his attention to what the four soldiers were doing. They had dressed as if for inspection, and were evidently going out upon the platform. The noticeable thing in their appearance was the change in their expressions from the hilarity and riotousness of a few moments ago, to a certain solemnity. One of them carried a little box carefully wrapped up, as a devotee might carry an offering to a shrine. The huge farmer glanced casually at them as if with full knowledge of what they were doing, and, ignoring my interruption, seemed to resume his monologue—as might the habitué of a temple pass by the question of a stranger concerning a matter related to the mysteries—something not to be discussed, difficult to be explained, or not worth mention. He pointed out of the window.

"Our land," said he; "both sides . . . tip-top good ground. . . . Didn't look much like this when

(Continued on Page 26)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

CHAPTER XXX

LATE in the autumn his aunt wrote Hamil from Sapphire Springs:

"There seems to be a favorable change in Shiela. Her aversion to people is certainly modified. Yesterday, on my way to the hot springs, I met her with her trained nurse, Miss Lester, face to face, and, of course, meant to pass on as usual, apparently without seeing her; but to my surprise she turned and spoke my name very quietly; and I said, as though we had parted the day before —'I hope you are better;' and she said: 'I think I am'— very slowly and precisely, like a person who strives to speak correctly in a foreign tongue. Garry, dear, it was too pathetic; she is so changed—beautiful, even more beautiful than before; but the last childish softness has fled from the delicate and almost undecided features you remember, and her face has settled into a nobler mould. Do you recollect in the Munich Museum an antique marble, by some unknown Greek sculptor, called 'Head of a Young Amazon'? You must recall it, because you have spoken to me of its noble and almost immortal loveliness. Dear, it resembles Shiela as she is now—with that mysterious and almost imperceptible hint of sorrow in the tenderly youthful dignity of the features.

"We exchanged only the words I have written you; she passed her way leaning on Miss Lester's arm; I went for a mud bath as a precaution to our inherited enemy. If rheumatism gets me at last it will not be the fault of your aged and timorous aunt.

"So that was all, yesterday. But to-day, as I was standing on the leafy path above the bath-houses, listening to the chattering of some excited birds recently arrived from the North in the first batch of migrants, Miss Lester came up to me and said that Shiela would like to see me, and that the doctors said there was no harm in her talking to anybody if she desired to do so.

"I took my book to a rustic seat under the trees. Presently our little Shiela came by, leaning on Miss Lester's arm; and Miss Lester walked on, leaving her seated beside me.

"For quite five minutes she neither spoke nor even looked at me, and I was very careful to leave the quiet unbroken.

"The noise of the birds—they were not singing, only chattering to each other about their trip—seemed to attract her notice, and she laid her hand on mine to direct my attention. Her hand remained there—she has the same soft, little hands, as dazzlingly white as ever, only thinner.

"She said, not looking at me: 'I have been ill. You understand that.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but it is all over now, isn't it?'

"She nodded listlessly: 'I think so.'

"Again, but not looking at me, she spoke of her illness as dating from a shock received long ago. She is a little confused about the lapse of time, vague as to dates. You see, it is four months since Louis—did what he did. She said nothing more, and in a few minutes Miss Lester came back for her.

"Now as to her mental condition. I have had a thorough understanding with the physicians, and one and all assure me that there is absolutely nothing the matter with her except the physical consequences of the shock, and those are wearing off.

"What she did, what she lived through with him—the dreadful tension, the endless insomnia—all this—and then, when the searching party was out all night long in the rain and all the next day—and *then*, Garry, to have her stumble on him at dusk—that young girl, all alone, nerves strung to the breaking point—and to find him *that* way! Was it not enough to account for this nervous demoralization? The wonder is that she was not permanently injured.

"But she is not; she is certainly recovering. The dread of seeing a familiar face is less poignant; her father was here to-day with Gray, and she saw them both.

"Now, dear, as for your coming here, it will not do. I can see that. She has not yet spoken of you, nor have I ventured to. What her attitude toward you may be I cannot guess from her speech or manner.

"Miss Lester told me that at first, in the complete nervous prostration, she seemed to have a morbid idea that you had been unkind to her, neglected and deserted her—left her to face some endless horror all alone. The shock to her mind had been terrible, Garry; everything was grotesquely twisted—she had some fever, you know; and Miss Lester told me that it was too pitiful to hear her talk of you and mix up everything with military jargon about outpost duty and the firing line, and some comrade who had deserted her under fire.

"All of which I mention, dear, so that you may, in a measure, comprehend how very ill she has been, and that she is not yet well by any means, and perhaps will not be for a long time to come.

He Swung Her to the Ground, Holding Her Embraced

"To-night I had a very straight talk with Mr. Cardross. One has to talk straight when one talks to him. There is not in my mind the slightest doubt that he knows exactly now what misguided impulse drove Shiela to that distressing sacrifice of herself and you. And at first I was afraid that what she had done from a mistaken sense of duty might have hastened poor Louis' end; but Mr. Cardross told me that from the day of his father's death he had determined to follow in the same fashion; and he had told Mr. Cardross of his intention more than once.

"So, you see, it was in him—in the blood. See what his sister did to herself a month after Louis' death!

"A strange family—an utterly incomprehensible race. And Mr. Cardross says that it happened to his father's father, and his father before him died by his own hand!

"Now there is little more news to write you—little more that could interest you, because you care only to hear about Shiela, and that is perfectly reasonable.

"However, what there is of news I will write you as faithfully as I have done ever since I came here on your service under pretense of fighting gout, which, Heaven be praised, has never yet waylaid me!

"So, to continue: the faithful three, Messieurs Classon, Cuyp and Vetchen, do valiantly escort me on my mountain rides and drives. They are dears, all three, Garry, and it does not become you to shrug your shoulders. When I go to Palm Beach in January they, as usual, are going, too. I don't know what I should do without them, Virginia having decided to remain in Europe this winter.

"Yes, to answer your question, Mr. Wayward expects to cruise as far south as Palm Beach in January. I happen to have a note from him here on my desk, in which he asks me whether he may invite you to go with him. Isn't it a tactful way of finding out whether you would care to be at Palm Beach this winter?

"So I shall write him that I think you would like to be asked. Because, Garry, I do believe that it is all turning out naturally, inevitably, as it was meant to turn out from the first, and that, some time this winter, there can be no reason why you should not see Shiela again

"I know this, that Mr. Cardross is very fond of you—that Mrs. Cardross is also—all the members of that most wholesome family care a great deal about you.

"As for their not being very fashionable people, their amiable freedom from social pretension, their very ample origin—all that, in their case, affects me not at all, where any happiness of yours is concerned.

"I *do* like the old-time folk and lineage smacking of New Amsterdam; but even my harmless snobbishness is now so completely out of fashion that nobody cares. You are modern enough to laugh at it; I am not; and I still continue faithful to my Classons and Cuyps and Vetchens and Suydams, and to all that they stand for in Manhattan —the rusty vestiges of bygone pomp and fussy circumstance—the memories that cling to the early lords of the manors, the old Patroons and titled refugees—in spite of their shabbiness and stupidity and bad manners.

"Don't be too bitter in your amusement, for, after all, you are kin to us; don't be too severe on us, for we are passing, Garry, the descendants of Patroon and refugee alike—the Cuyps, the Classons, the Van Diemans, the Vetchens, the Suydams—and James Wayward is the last of his race, and I am the last of the French refugees, and the Malcourts are already ended. *Pax!*

"True, it begins to look as if the gentleman-adventurer stock which terminates in the Ascotts and Portlaws might be revived to struggle on for another generation; but, Garry, we all, who intermarry, are doomed.

"Louis Malcourt was right; we are destined to perish. Still, we have left our marks on the nation. I care for no other epitaph than the names of counties, cities, streets which we have named with our names.

"But you, dear, you are wise in your generation and fortunate to love as you love. For, God willing, your race will begin the welding of the old and new, the youngest and best of the nation. And at the feet of such a race the whole world lies."

These letters from Constance Pallíser to her nephew continued during the autumn and early winter while he was at work on that series of public parks provided for by the metropolis on Long Island.

Once he was obliged to return to Pride's Hall to inspect the progress of work for Mrs. Ascott; and during his brief stay there her engagement was announced

"I tell you what, Hamil," said Portlaw confidentially, over their cigars, "I never thought I could win her, never in the world. Besides, poor Louis was opposed to it, but you know when I make up my mind ——"

"I know," said Hamil

"That's it! First, a man must have a mind to make up; then he must have enough intelligence to make it up."

"Certainly," nodded Hamil.

"I'm glad you understand me," said Portlaw, gratified. "Alida understands me; why, do you know that, somehow, everything I think of she seems to agree to?—in fact, sometimes—on one or two unimportant matters—I actually believe that Mrs. Ascott thought of what I thought of a few seconds before I thought of it," he ended generously; "but," and his expression became slyly portentous, "it would never do to have her suspect it. I intend to be Cæsar in my own house!"

"Exactly," said Hamil solemnly; "and Cæsar's wife must have no suspicions."

It was early November before he returned to town. His new suite of offices in Broad Street hummed with activity, although the lingering aftermath of the business depression prevented for the time being any hope of new commissions from private sources.

But, fortunately, he had enough public work to keep the office busy, and his dogged personal supervision of it during the racking suspense of Shiela's illness was his salvation.

Twice a week his aunt wrote him from Sapphire Springs; every day he went to his outdoor work on Long Island and forced himself to a minute personal supervision of every detail, never allowing himself a moment's brooding, never permitting himself to become panic-stricken at the outlook which varied from one letter to another. For as yet, according to these same letters, the woman he loved had never once mentioned his name.

He found little leisure for amusement, even had he been inclined that way. Night found him very tired; morning brought a hundred self-imposed and complicated tasks to be accomplished before the advent of another night.

He lived at his club and wrote to his aunt from there. Sundays were more difficult to negotiate; he went to St. George's in the morning, read in the club library until afternoon permitted him to maintain some semblance of those social duties which no man has a right entirely to neglect.

Now and then he dined out; once he went to the opera with the O'Haras, but it nearly did for him, for they sang Madame Butterfly, and Farrar's matchless voice and acting tore him to shreds. Only the happy can endure such tragedy.

And one Sunday, having pondered long that afternoon over the last letter Malcourt had ever written him, he put on hat and overcoat and went to Greenlawn Cemetery—a tedious journey through strange avenues and unknown suburbs, under a wet sky from which occasionally a flake or two of snow fell through the fine-spun drizzle.

In the cemetery the oaks still bore leaves which were growing while Malcourt was alive; here and there a beech tree remained in full autumn foliage and the grass on the graves was intensely green; but the few flowers that lifted their stalks were discolored and shabby; bare branches interlaced overhead; dead leaves, wet and flattened, stuck to slab and headstone or left their stained imprints on the tarnished marble.

He had bought some flowers—violets and lilies—at a florist's near the cemetery gates. These he laid, awkwardly, at the base of the white slab from which Malcourt's newly-cut name stared at him.

Louis Malcourt lay, as he had wished, next to his father. Also, as he had desired, a freshly-planted tree, bereft now of foliage, rose, spindling, to balance an older one on the other corner of the plot. His sister's recently-shaped grave lay just beyond. As yet, Bertie had provided no headstone for the late Lady Tressilvain.

Hamil stood inspecting Malcourt's name, finding it impossible to realize that he was dead—or for that matter, unable to comprehend death at all. The newly-chiseled letters seemed vaguely instinct with something of Malcourt's own clean-cut irony; they appeared to challenge him with their mocking legend of death, daring him, with sly malice, to credit the inscription.

To look at them became almost an effort, so white and clear they stared back at him, as though the pallid face of the dead himself, set forever in raillery, was on the watch to detect false sentiment and delight in it. And Hamil's eyes fell uneasily upon the flowers, then lifted. And he said aloud, unconsciously:

"You are right; it's too late, Malcourt."

There was a shabby, neglected grave in the adjoining plot; he bent over, gathered up his flowers, and laid them on the slab of somebody aged ninety-three whose name was blotted out by wet, dead leaves. Then he slowly returned to face Malcourt, and stood musing, gloved hands deep in his overcoat pockets.

"If I could have understood you ——" he began, under his breath, then fell silent.

It was snowing heavily when he turned to leave; and he stood back and aside, hat in hand, to permit a young woman to pass the iron gateway—a slim figure in black, heavy veil drawn, arms piled high with lilies. He knew her at once and she knew him.

"I think you are Mr. Hamil," she said timidly.

"You are Miss Wilming," he said in his naturally pleasant voice which brought old memories crowding upon her and a pale flush to her cheeks.

There was a moment's silence; she dropped some flowers and he recovered them for her. Then she knelt down, in the wet, unconscious of it, and laid the flowers on the mound, arranging them with great care, while the thickening snow pelted her and began to veil the white blossoms on the grave.

Hamil hesitated after the girl had risen, and, presently, as she did not stir, he quietly asked if he might be of any use to her.

At first she made no reply, and her gaze remained remote; then, turning:

"Was he your friend?" she asked wistfully.

"I think he meant to be."

He Knew Her at Once and She Knew Him

"You quarreled—down there—in the South"—she made a vague gesture toward the gray horizon. "Do you remember that night, Mr. Hamil?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever become friends again?"

"No. . . . I think he meant to be. . . . The fault was probably mine. I misunderstood."

She said: "I know he cared a great deal for you."

The man was silent.

She turned directly toward him, pale, clear-eyed, and in the poise of her head a faint touch of pride.

"Please do not misunderstand his friendship for me, then. If you were his friend I would not need to say this. He was very kind to me, Mr. Hamil."

"I do not doubt it," said Hamil gravely.

"And you do not mistake what I say?"

He looked at her, curious—and, in a moment, convinced.

"No," he said gently. . . . And, offering his hand: "Men are very ignorant concerning one another. Women are wiser, I think."

He took the slender, black-gloved hand in his.

"Can I be of the least use to you?" he asked.

"You have been," she sighed, "if what I said has taught you to know him a little better."

A week later, when the curtain fell on the second act of the new musical comedy, The Inca, critics, preparing to leave, questioned each other with considerable curiosity concerning this newcomer, Dorothy Wilming, who had sung so intelligently and made so much out of a subordinate part.

Nobody seemed to know very much about her; several nice-looking young girls and exceedingly respectable young men sent her flowers. Afterward they gathered at the stage entrance, evidently expecting to meet and congratulate her; but she had slipped away. And, while they hunted high and low, and the last figurante had trotted off under the lamplights, Dolly lay in her own dark room, face among the pillows, sobbing her heart out for a dead man who had been kind to her for nothing.

. . . . . .

And at the same hour, across an ocean, another woman awoke to take up the raveled threadings of her life again and, through another day, remember Louis Malcourt and what he had left undone for kindness' sake.

. . . . . .

In January the Ariani sailed with her owner aboard, but Hamil was not with him.

In February Constance Palliser wrote Hamil from Palm Beach:

"It is too beautiful here and you must come.

"As for Shiela, I do not even pretend to understand her. I see her every day; to-day I lunched with Mrs. Cardross, and Shiela was there, apparently perfectly well and entirely her former lovely self. But she has never yet spoken of you to me; and, I learn from Mrs. Cardross, never to anybody so far as she knows.

"She seems to be in splendid health; I have seen her swimming, galloping, playing tennis madly. The usual swarm of devoted youth and smitten middle-age is in attendance. She wears neither black nor colors, nor does she go to any sort of functions. At times, to me, she resembles a scarcely grown girl just freed from school and playing hard every minute with every atom of heart and soul in her play.

"Gray has an apology for a polo field and a string of ponies, and Shiela plays with the men—a crazy, reckless, headlong game, in which every minute my heart is in my mouth for fear somebody will cannon into her, or some dreadful swing of a mallet will injure her for life.

"But everybody is so sweet to her—and it is delightful to see her with her own family—their pride and tenderness for her, and her devotion to them.

"Mrs. Cardross asked me to-day what I thought might be the effect on Shiela if you came. And, dear, I could not answer. Mr. Cardross joined us, divining the subject of our furtive confab in the *patio*, and he seemed to think that you ought to come.

"And Cecile, too, is very charming, and I know she likes me. Such a coquette! She has her own court among the younger set; and from her very severe treatment of young Gatewood on all occasions I fancy she may be kinder to him one day.

"As for Gray, he is a nice boy—a little slow, a trifle shy and retiring and overstudious; but his devotion to Shiela makes me love him. And he, too, ventured to ask me whether you were not coming down this winter to hunt along the Everglades with him and Little Tiger.

"So, dear, I think perhaps you had better come. It really frightens me to give you this advice. I could not endure it if anything went wrong—if your coming proved premature.

(Continued on Page 30)

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Swapping Knives for Second Place

NO POSITIVE fault can be found with either party's candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

Mr. Johnson, the Republican nominee, is highly spoken of by his neighbors at Yonkers. He comes of good American stock and has arisen by force of genius and stability of character from comparative indigence and obscurity to the position, which he now honorably holds, of elder in the First Presbyterian Church and director in the First National Bank.

Mr. Robinson, his competitor on the Democratic ticket, is as well recommended. His home life is above reproach, and in South Bend, where he lives, he has scarcely an enemy. In fact, ever since the nomination the city has been illuminated nightly by the electric light and power company in which he is a leading stockholder. Though a lawyer by profession, he has frequently given his time and thought gratis to the advancement of his native city. It is recalled that he was one of the founders of the South Bend Silver Cornet Band.

No positive fault can be found with these nominations, nor should we cavil at the swapping of jack-knives and marbles among the delegates by which the nominations were brought about.

On merely sentimental grounds, however, the action of the conventions in a matter involving a possible successor to the office of Washington and Lincoln might be criticised as scarcely adequate. Indeed, one might see therein two typical illustrations of that deep sense of public responsibility with which a good, average crowd of politicians will act when the public isn't looking, or isn't caring.

Where the Money is and is Not

THE Census Bureau says that, if all the wealth of the country were divided, not equitably, but evenly, among the inhabitants, each soul would have $1310.11. If it were divided evenly among the twenty-nine millions who work in some way or other, each of them would have $3684.

There are 5,739,657 separate farms, a great majority of which are separately owned. Their aggregate value is about one-fifth the total national wealth, and the average value of each farm is $3574. So we may say, making reasonable allowances, that something like one-sixth of the total population is rather ideally provided for, each having his due share. This is very different from the five per cent. of the people owning ninety-five per cent. of the wealth that you sometimes hear of, but must by no means believe.

Savings-bank deposits, assets of life-insurance companies and individual deposits in national banks outside the larger cities account for about a tenth of the total wealth, and the ownership is widely distributed. In 1900; two-fifths of the total wealth consisted of real estate other than farms—a considerable portion of it, surely, owned by people of modest means.

Juster distribution of wealth is the aim of most economic reforms. It is what tariff revision, railroad regulation, trust-busting and like planks in either platform finally mean.

Much will be heard upon the subject between now and November. No other subject is a more fruitful source of misstatement. Positively, some have much too much; many have much too little. But we should stick to the facts when we have them.

In the richest country in the world there is not such wealth that, by any possible political legerdemain, the vast majority of us can ever get a decent living except by working diligently for it.

What is a Reasonable Profit?

NO NOXIOUS free-trade heresy, we believe, vitiates the statistical capacity of the government of Pennsylvania—the classic ground of protection, especially of protection of iron and steel.

The annual report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs of that Commonwealth shows that the average daily wage of adult male employees in the blast furnaces of the State was $1.93 in 1906; that the cost of labor per ton of pig iron produced was $1.07. The duty upon a ton of pig iron, it will be recalled, is four dollars. The average daily wage of the adult male employees in steel mills was $2.15; the average value of a ton of product was $36.29; the average labor cost of a ton of product was $6.33. The average duty on a ton of product is about ten dollars.

If the real object of protection were to equalize the difference between labor cost at home and abroad, we should be forced to the painful conclusion that foreign manufacturers not only got their labor for nothing, but received a bonus from the laborers. The Republican platform, however, mentions another object—namely, "reasonable profit to American industries."

After forty years of high protection and at flood-tide of prosperity, workmen in Pennsylvania's iron and steel industry got two dollars a day, and the Steel Corporation earned a hundred and twenty million dollars above all expenses, taxes and bond interest—probably fifty per cent. on the legitimate investment above that represented by bonds.

There is, of course, room for a difference of opinion as to what constitutes reasonable profit. Probably, two dollars a day to the workmen and fifty per cent. to the trust is not far from the Pennsylvania idea of protecting American labor—and, incidentally, looking out a little bit for American capital.

The School of Diplomacy

"HE WAS born on a farm; attended district school and did chores for the neighbors; clerked in a country store; joined a surveying party; drove a 'bus; studied law, supporting himself meanwhile by selling lightning rods; later, he purchased a half-interest in a small sawmill on credit and began making a fortune. He served as chairman of the State Central Committee in a close election, so was appointed Consul-General at Liverpool."

That would be about the biography of the successful citizen and public servant of the last generation. It certainly made for versatility, and greatly would he wonder at this movement to establish a college of political science at Washington, for the purpose of training youths for the public service, more particularly the diplomatic service.

Probably, such a college had to come, in an age of specialization. Perhaps, distinct schools will yet train young men for various other branches of Government work as specially as West Point and Annapolis now train them for the army and navy: a consul will be just exactly a consul; a statistician precisely a statistician.

But there will still be plenty of room for versatility—at the top. The head of the diplomatic service will still be an able lawyer or manufacturer; the head of the War Department an eminent journalist or farmer; and they will lightly skip from the one post to the other at a moment's notice.

We see that Mr. Root, not less distinguished in law than as a warrior and diplomat, is said enthusiastically to favor the specialization plan.

Literature and Larceny

LITERATURE and Crime is the title of a new book that seems to be making some stir in France, and the idea which it suggests has been endlessly discussed. In spite of the average badness of books and the persistent goodness of men, some people are persuaded that bad books make bad men, and lay a heavy charge to authors therefor.

But what we prefer to see discussed is Literature or Crime. If writing thoughts upon paper has tripped some into the meshes of the law, how many, on the other hand, has it saved from jail?

Why the artist creates is a pretty psychological question. The grand practical reason has been that he had to have the money and saw no way of getting it except by writing or robbery. Some men, it is true, have adopted authorship when the choice was less exigent than that between a publisher and a bailiff, and for them no excuse can be urged; but we think it a reasonable presumption that, if literature has put some readers behind the bars, it has kept at least an equal number of authors in front of them.

Certain famous Elizabethans did try both alternatives, and are known as authors rather than as highwaymen merely because they happened to have more talent for letters than for larceny. Among Fielding's and Smollett's most successful scenes are those laid in a jail—which, in their time, was a sort of common residuary estate for pickpockets and writers: in short, for men reduced to desperate extremities.

If a book then guided a reader behind prison walls he would very likely find the author there and profit by a stimulating association with him. There seemed not much left for young Schiller but to write The Robbers or become one. Suicide has been charged to Ibsen, but the timely success of Brand probably saved him from it.

Scorchers and Pot-Shots

THE delicate question whether a constable should take a pot-shot at a contumelious automobile again agitates Chicago. The circumstances of the case, unhappily, are not unique—the speeding machine, the command to halt, the cheerful defiance, the vengeful six-shooter.

In a Kantian state of pure reason, of course, the pot-shotted autoist has no logical ground of complaint. For his amusement he imperils limbs and lives whose owners have other uses for them; so he is logically bound to accept the excuse that the constable's shot, which imperiled his limb and life, amused the constable. Any argument that would justify him would also justify the constable.

A great majority of auto-owners have a civilized regard for their fellow-beings. To restrain the regardless minority the laws are generally too mild. It is well known that many indurated offenders regard a fine as a joke.

By making their sport expensive, the fines make it exclusive; therefore, more desirable. A second offense against speed laws should be punished, not by a fine, but by a term in jail. General application of this rule would soon reduce instances of provocation to use a revolver.

The Ups and Downs of Necessities

THE Bureau of Labor's report on the course of wholesale prices during 1907, recently published, does nothing for the theory that speculation tends to make prices stable. The panic occurred the latter part of October. From October to December wheat and corn declined more than the average of all commodities.

In December raw commodities were 6.9 per cent. below the average of the year; manufactured commodities only 1.2 per cent. A longer view shows the same condition. From 1892 to 1896—which includes the last big depression—raw commodities declined 23.9 per cent.; manufactured only 13.7.

Broadly speaking, in the case of raw commodities—especially farm products—the buyer organizes the market. In the case of manufactured articles the seller organizes the market. From 1892 to 1896 farm products declined 33.4 per cent.; clothing 17.7; metals 12.3; building material 9.4; household furnishings 12.5.

From October to December, 1907, wheat declined 10.5; flour 2.2. Corn declined 6.7; glucose advanced 7.1. In the case of livestock, the market is in the hands of the buyer. Cattle declined 15, beef 9, hogs 36.9, lard 14.7 and mess pork 17.4.

Some of the monopolized articles—hard coal, petroleum, glass, newsprint paper, steel—declined not at all.

An Example for the Opera Trust

WE WISH to believe the report from Italy that a grand opera trust, of world-wide scope, is in process of formation; because, whatever the faults of the trusts, they are notably past-masters of the selling department; they overlook no possible consumer.

The staple product of the Steel Trust, for example, is rails, which cost twenty-seven dollars a ton and never go in less than thousand-ton lots; yet it will sell you a pocketful of good nails for a few cents. The great Beef Trust will sell you a shipload, a single carcass or a nutritive little can that makes only a handful. Mr. Rockefeller's famous organization will supply a vast gas-plant or, with equal courtesy and zeal, replenish the kitchen lamp.

The real trouble with grand opera is not in the quality of the product, but that it comes only in the largest, most expensive sizes: to get any at all you have to buy more than you can afford. You must pay five dollars to hear Faust, because Signor Flutorino is singing the title rôle in a matchless manner, when you would rather pay two dollars and a half and hear a good, ordinary, union tenor—just as though Mr. Rockefeller wouldn't sell you a box of axle-grease unless you would also take along a box of paraffin.

The trust, we hope, will put up grand opera not only in the large, nickel-plated, satin-lined packages, with Mrs. Astorbilt's coat-of-arms engraved on every cover, but also in modest tins and even pasteboards, suitable for the consumption of people who can't get money in any way but by working for it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Last Yard of Red Tape

CHARLES P. TAFT, brother of former Secretary Taft, called at the Washington Taft headquarters one day a while ago.

"I would like to see Mr. Hitchcock," Taft said.

"Ah, yes," replied the guardian of the first of the seven rooms of the headquarters. "Name, please."

"Name is Taft."

"Ah, yes; what State are you from?"

"Ohio."

"Ah, yes; what do you desire to see Mr. Hitchcock about? Write it on this slip of paper, please."

Taft patiently wrote he would like to see Mr. Hitchcock on personal business.

"Very good," said the guardian. "Name is Taft, from Ohio, and desire to see Mr. Hitchcock on personal business. I will see what I can do for you. Take a seat, please."

But at that moment Charles P. Taft exploded with a loud noise.

Not the Right Bundle

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES S. DAVENPORT, of the Third Oklahoma District, has a constituency that likes to get public documents. Mr. Davenport is willing to oblige and has sent large numbers of the Government publications to his district.

A time ago Davenport found two big bundles of books in the hall of the new House office building, near his office door. He concluded they were public documents for his use, and he told his clerk to frank them down to a select list of his constituents.

That afternoon an excited man stuck his head in the door of Mr. Davenport's room and said: "Say, did you see anything of two bundles of books that I left here this morning?"

"Yes," the clerk replied.

"Well, where are they?"

"I sent them down to Oklahoma."

"Sent them to Oklahoma!" yelled the excited man. "What in blazes did you do that for?"

"Why," replied the clerk, "I don't see what affair it is of yours. They were public documents belonging to Mr. Davenport."

The man who made the inquiry hopped up and down and sputtered. "Public documents, my eye!" he screamed. "They were Washington telephone directories I was going to distribute around the offices here."

A Stumper for Richard Olney

WHEN Richard Olney, of Boston, was Secretary of State under Cleveland, he was a stickler about consular appointments. He held that the service was dominated by politicians and thereby removed from its legitimate sphere of activity.

He was against appointing men to consular places who had no fitness for them except political influence, and he particularly desired that appointees should be conversant with the language of the country to which they were accredited

A Western politician blew in, seeking an appointment to Shanghai. Olney frowned on his application. "I cannot recommend you," said Olney. "I make it a rule never to ask the President to appoint men as consular officials to countries unless they speak the language of the country to which they desire to be sent. Now, I take it you do not speak Chinese."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Secretary," said the applicant. "You just ask me a question in Chinese and I'll answer it."

He got the place.

As St. Paul Says

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, chaplain of the Senate and author of The Man Without a Country, is a Unitarian and has his own ideas about certain Bible doctrines.

A time ago he was asked to assist at the burial services of an old friend in Washington who was an Episcopalian. Doctor Hale was asked to read the selection from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, which forms a part of the Episcopal burial service.

The Episcopalians in the church, who followed the aged minister's profoundly eloquent reading of this part of the service, were surprised to hear a word or two interjected now and then.

They listened and, several times during the reading, they found the aged Unitarian put in, before certain statements of St. Paul's: "As Paul says."

The Doctor wanted the congregation to know these were Paul's sentiments, not Hale's.

Turning the Light on Paducah

IRVIN COBB, who comes from Paducah, Kentucky, wrote the book for a musical show that was put on at the Casino in New York some time ago. Marc Klaw, the big theatrical manager, on the opening night of the show, wired to Cobb: "We are both from Paducah. I am glad you have been discovered."

Cobb read the criticisms next morning and replied: "It is true we are both from Paducah, but I have not been discovered. I have been exposed."

The Oriental Editor

SHIRLEY JOHNSON, who is an author and broker in New York, and Tom Middleton, the big racing man, were reporters together in Louisville on the Courier-Journal.

One night the two were at the Galt House and met Henry M. Stanley, who was lecturing in Louisville.

"What is your position on the paper, Mr. Johnson?" Stanley asked.

"I am the European editor," said Johnson.

"Ah, indeed," commented Stanley. "And what do you do, Mr. Middleton?"

"I am the Oriental editor," Middleton replied.

"Oriental editor? I do not understand."

"Oh, yes, Oriental editor. I do East Side police."

A Suspicious Charge

"THE contention we have made," said John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, "that the Republicans passed their currency bill merely as an emergency or campaign measure, because they were afraid to go before the people without such a measure, reminds me of a negro who was haled into court in Yazoo City, Mississippi.

"'Were you ever arrested before?' asked the judge.

"'Yas, yo' honah. Three times.'

"'What was the first arrest for?'

"'Stealin'.'

"'And the second?'

"'Stealin'.'

"'And the third?'

"'Susp'cion, an' I went toh jail fo' it.'

"'Went to jail for it?'

"'Yas, yo' honah; you see, they proved it on me.'"

The Locus in Quo

THERE was a lawyer in the early days of the Indian Territory named Mullins, who practiced in the minor courts and who made a great reputation for his ornate language.

He was engaged in defending a man charged with hog stealing one day, and, when it came time to sum up, arose and assumed a portentous attitude before the jury.

"If your Honor please," he said, "and gentlemen of the jury: I would not for a moment mutilate the majesty of the law nor contravene the avoirdupois of the testimony. But, and I speak advisedly, I want you homogeneous men on the jury to focalize your five senses on the proposition I am about to present to you.

"In all criminal cases there are three essential elements the locus in quo, the modus operandi and the corpus delicti. In this case I think I am safe in saying the corpus delicti and the modus operandi are all right, but, gentlemen, there is an entire absence of the locus in quo."

Hard to Break a Habit

COLONEL ARTICHOKE GIFFORD was in the smoking-room of the steamer talking about his ancestors. They were sailor men sailing from New England ports and, the Colonel admitted, sometimes running in a cargo of slaves from Africa when the trade was dull in other lines.

"I remember hearing my grandfather tell of one trip," said the Colonel, "when they had three hundred slaves aboard. The weather was very bad, the accommodations none too good, and the slaves were crowded. A lot of them died. First day out, twenty or thirty of them died and they threw them overboard. Next day, twenty died and they threw them overboard. Next day, the same way. They kept dying ——"

"And, I suppose," broke in the man who was smoking a pipe, "when the slaves were all dead and disposed of they were so in the habit that they just blacked up the crew and threw them overboard."

The Hall of Fame

¶ W. S. Laffan, head of the New York Sun, is a skilled collector of china.

¶ Mayor Rolla Wells, of St. Louis, plays what he fondly terms golf, nearly every day.

¶ The real name of Harry Castlemon, the voluminous author of books for boys, is Charles Austin Fosdick, and he lives at Westfield, New York.

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YOUR HOME

How to Make the Pergola

IT IS interesting to realize how ancient and universal are some of the traits, some of the customs, which we are apt to associate altogether with the idea of civilization. The pleasure that comes from a leisurely walk in a garden, for instance, is something that we think of as being a development of quite modern times; it somehow seems a kind of recreation inconsistent with a very early period; and yet, for centuries past walking in a garden has been looked upon as giving an agreeable relaxation, mental and physical; and then it suddenly comes to us that, in the earliest dawn of history, the highest possible example was given (in Genesis) of "walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

Any custom so ancient and so highly authorized is in itself worthy of perpetuation, and worthy, moreover, of any improving adjuncts that can be given to it; and, as a matter of fact, we find that the most advanced races have gradually improved their gardens and made them more and more delightful places to walk in. And as architecture developed, it gradually came to be applied to gardens as well as to buildings.

The chief charm of any garden must always be its greenery. This should far outbalance any other element. "Where once the garden smiled, and still where many a garden flower grows wild," expresses the keynote of charming flowers and lush greenery. But if, while preserving all the charm of flowers and greenery, this charm may be pleasurably enhanced by architectural effects, choice and admirable and restrained, the satisfaction is by so much increased.

Choice and admirable and restrained, all these points must be considered in an attempt to add to the beauty of a garden, for nothing is easier than to spoil the simple naturalness which is a garden's chief attraction.

When a Pergola Is Not a Pergola

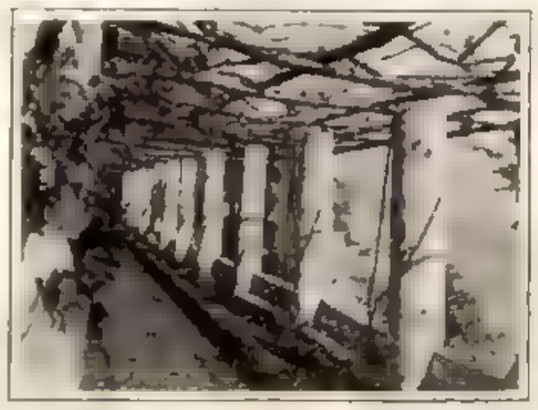
Now, it is evident that if something can be done to make it possible to walk with pleasure in a garden, not only in the cool of the day but in the heat of the day, a distinct advance has been made. It is interesting to find, therefore, that from an extremely early period there has been construction of shady, secluded places, the cloistered garden of the old-time monasteries, the quiet quadrangles at the old English colleges, and the recently revived pergola, which seems to be the perfection of development of the greenery-covered, greenery-shaded walk.

Of all garden structures the pergola is certainly the most effective, the most pictorial, the most important: a pergola being a series of pillars, in double line, connecting from top to top longitudinally by lengths of wood and with pieces of wood crossing frequently, at the height of the pillar tops, to make an open roof, for vines.

Now if this were all, a pergola would be only an arbor. But there is always a regularity of spacing and proportion with a pergola, the pillars are large and heavy, the cross-pieces are always at right angles to the walk which is made by the pergola construction. And, on account of the exactness and regularity, a pergola will not look its best unless its surroundings have themselves some degree of preciseness. The garden which the pergola borders or leads through should have somewhat of orderliness and regularity, somewhat of straightness of path and trimness of hedge, although it by no means need necessarily be what is called a "formal garden."

A curious feature is that the pergola so far forsakes its own trim orderliness as usually to have, for cross-pieces, slender tree trunks in their natural state, except for branch trimming. The bark is left on.

This so jars the susceptibilities of some Americans that they must needs have cross-pieces made of regularly squared and carpentered timber, with each piece the precise replica of its fellow. They think of the pergola as it looks bare: they want it a finished, neat thing like the summer-house in the garden of a New England home. But the man who puts up bark-clad heavy poles is rewarded when the vines grow, for the supports disappear in the foliage as no white-painted, trim-sawed wood will do. In taking a thing from a foreign environment (and we frankly take the pergola, in name and structure, from southern Italy,, it is well to see what has been done, and why, in that environment. And in Italy the pergola, whether elaborate or simple, whether holding a peasant's few vines or sheltering a prince's promenade, has the rough-trimmed cross-pieces above pillars of masonry and stucco that are absolutely regular. After a while, with frequent contemplation of such pergolas, you come to feel that they are right, even though your bias is toward painted and evenly-sawed tops; and then you realize that it is because a pergola is not only an arbored shade, but something much finer: a pillared shade. The sides of the pergola are not meant to bear much greenery; the vines clamber charmingly up the pillars but never entirely cover them, and never destroy the effect of the between-pillar spaces at the sides; but above, where there is to be a tangle of greenery, with grapes or flowers, the supports, or the cross-pieces, should be of a character to blend with the vines and be lost in their greenery. Shakespeare somewhere uses the apt phrase, "most admired disorder," and it assuredly has here an aptness of application.



The Amalfi Pergola

The choice of desirable vines for a pergola is not very wide: the most popular ones are the grape, the wistaria and the rose. As to which vine should be chosen, much will depend upon the individual fancy as well as upon the part of the country.

Roses are always beautiful, and yet, for a pergola, which has always an element of the utilitarian, it almost seems as if the grape is the most fitting of all. The grapevine gives a perfect shade and is beautiful through a long season when it blossoms, and far into the autumn when its fruit gives it its greatest beauty.

The grapevine is really one of the misunderstood vines. It is often deemed an ugly one, but that is only because it is usually seen upon ugly trellises or awkward poles. It is really a vine of great natural beauty, and it lends itself well to the purpose of climbing attractively up a pergola pillar and spreading out in shade-making luxuriance at the top. The bowers which the wild fox-grape makes along our American roadsides show what the natural, unpruned beauty of the grapevine is.

As to the wistaria—and whoever wishes to see how effective a blooming wistaria can be should not fail to see, in the springtime, the wonderful wistaria growth on the long arbor at the western end of New York's Central Park—there are some who, although admiring the splendid lavender flowers and the tender green of the leaves, object to this vine for a pergola on the ground that it would be a combination of the Japanese and the Italian. Well, without questioning why they should not be combined if they can be combined with beautiful effect, it need only be remembered that the wistaria is quite sufficiently Italian, as many of these vines, of wonderful size and beauty, are to be seen in the villa gardens of Italy.

It is curious what objections are met with. The very introduction of the pergola itself was long delayed, and its increase is still somewhat retarded, both in this country and in England, because of its being Italian! In England the sunshine is something to be enjoyed, in that moist and showery climate, and therefore the English do not need the sun-sheltering pergola. Here in America, with our long, sunny summers, the pergola supplies a want felt by all—and a want which we have hitherto had only the long veranda to fill.

A Side-Wall and Roof Pergola, Elihu Vedder's Villa

Where Not to Build a Pergola

We have adopted the Greek portico, and the English style of gardening, and the French clipping of trees, and the German method of tying up our grapevines, without thought of where the idea came from. Yet there are some men who will hesitate about putting an Italian effect in their gardens through fear of its appearing to be strange or foreign or queer.

The most beautiful location for a pergola, and the place in which it is most frequently built in the land where it originated, is on the edge of a cliff or on a steep hillside, where the pillared walk is built on a level and forms a long, shady vantage-point from which a distant view may be enjoyed over the sea or across a valley. It gives a safe walk, for in these locations the pillars toward the slope or cliff have a low wall, with a flat top, between them, forming at once a seat and a guard, at the edge of the descent. There are many cliffs and hillsides both in our public parks and in the ownership of individuals which are now beautiful but dangerous, where a pergola would solve the problem of safety and use.

A very important point is that the pergola must be connected with some building and run to some definite place. It may run to a view-spot or a garden entrance, for example, or right through a garden, or it may curve back to the building from which it begins. And there may be views throughout its entire length, between the pillars.

That it must be connected with a building or be part of the boundary of a walled garden may seem arbitrary, but this is a question of fact and not of theory. It is merely that a pergola is not one of the things which look well when detached, any more than a chimney or doorway, no matter how fine in itself, would look well detached. There is in New England, on a wealthy man's estate, a great pergola, which has been constructed all by itself right out in the middle of a wide lawn, and it seems a heedless, ineffective sort of thing, whereas its proportions and workmanship are such that, properly placed, it would be of absolute beauty.

A pergola needs always the proximity of a garden. It is not only that vines clamber up its pillars and gather in great clusters above, but that all about it there should be the effect of cultivated greenery and flowers.

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An interesting variant is to have a pergola upon a roof—the roof of a wing of the house, to look well, and not the main roof. And here, again, there must be the proximity of a garden; there must be, close by, treetops and foliage; the pergola must look down into flower-beds. The high-climbing character of wistaria and the grape adapts these vines to the shading of a high pergola of this kind.

A roof pergola is almost always square, or nearly so, and, should properly be a little lighter in construction than the massive-pillared ones on solid ground, this depending, however, upon the character of the house. But always there must be an aspect of solidity.

A roof pergola makes a delightful shade for reading, writing or visiting, and always there should be a view. It is the best of places for out-of-door sleeping at night. We have in mind, as we write, two such admirably successful roof structures, and it is curious that they secure precisely the same effect, although in totally different environment. For one is on a roof in New Jersey, and reaching up to it is the greenery of an apple orchard, and all about, in the garden below, are dainty flowers, and in the distance runs a long range of thickly-wooded hills. And the other looks out over Mediterranean waters, and orange trees reach up to it, and all about are glorious roses, and in the distance are cloud-topped mountains. And you think, as in memory you compare the two, how narrow it is to put aside a thing of beauty because it comes from Italy or any other country.

But remember that a pergola will not look well on the roof of a wooden, scroll-saw "Queen Anne cottage"!

For most people, the mention of a pergola brings to mind the familiar picture of the beautiful one at the Capuccini monastery at Amalfi—the picture with the white-robed monk at the near end of the view, between the pillars. That is, one thinks of him as a monk, and he is dressed as a monk, but he is really the landlord of the inn, or, on busy days, a porter, for the monks are long since driven out. But that very pergola, so perfect where it is attached to an ancient monastery and in its rocky environment, would not look the same in America, attached to a new house and projected upon a lawn, nor would it look as well as one slightly altered from it. Again showing this—that, in everything that regards one's home, the individual judgment should be cultivated rather than mere thoughtless copying.

Amalfi Pergolas in America

Near Philadelphia there is one of unusual charm, and it is a copy of the pergola at Amalfi, made with some adaptations to suit the environment and the location as well as the taste of the builder. For the copy follows the Amalfi measurements and spacings, but whereas the pillars, at Amalfi, are plain-topped, without even a moulding finish, each one here is surmounted by a simple capital.

It is well worth while to know just how such a pergola as this can be made in our own country.

The owner first secured photographs and measurements of the Amalfi pergola, and had architect's drawings made for the entire intended construction, foundation and all; for in this case, wishing the pergola to take in a splendid view, he had it made in a semi-circular curve, away from the house and back again to it, and elaborate foundation construction was necessary under the farther end. Frost is something that must be reckoned with in the building of an American pergola.

There are twenty pillars in all in this curving one, and they are made of concrete, that admirable substance with which we are learning to do more and more building operations, little and big.

A wooden pillar-mould was made; three were made, in fact, each one in halves, to be clasped with iron bands fastened with turn-screws.

The three moulds were set down in the places where the first three pillars were to be, the position being adjusted by level and measurements to absolute correctness, for once put in place concrete pillars cannot be changed.

The moulds adjusted, a scaffolding was set up beside each in turn, and into the top of the moulds concrete was poured from wheelbarrows and then rammed down. It sounds simple, and it was simple, after all the designing and making the moulds, for a mason and two laborers did the work.

The moulds, concrete-filled, were allowed to stand for three days for the concrete to "set." Then the iron bands were unclasped and removed, the pillars were given a trifling amount of necessary touching up and smoothing, and the moulds were set in place for the next three. Each Monday three pillars were made, each Thursday three more, till all were done.

Such pillars need no support, no fastening into a foundation. They only need to be in a solid place and then they stand by their own weight.

The capitals, in this particular case, are of wood, covered with lead, but they might as well, and perhaps better, have been made of reënforced concrete, in the same form as they are.

The cross-pieces are of cedar, grown in the neighborhood and used with the bark on; a strong and durable wood and well-suited to this purpose.

The pillars of this pergola are twenty-eight inches in diameter at the bottom and twenty-four at the top and are eight and a half feet high. But this is not quite all, for there is always that swelled-out, bowed-out line to consider, which the makers of the classical pillars of antiquity so well understood and which it is perilous to overlook.

Many fine pergola pillars are not of quite such large diameter as this; and, when they are connected with smaller structures and look out over less extensive views than these Amalfi measurements are adapted to, the pillars may be as small as twenty inches at the bottom. There must always be solidity of effect.

The typical pergola pillar has no ornamental base, but rises right from the ground. There is danger, with an ornamented base, of losing simplicity of effect. The matter of simplicity is basically important. Any attempt at floriated capitals, or grooved columns, or "elegant" workmanship, or heavy bases, or bulbous domes will quite ruin any proper effect in a pergola.

A low stone wall between the pillars, or shorter pillars rising from a stone wall, is effective and offers a low surface for seats, and is most frequently used when the pergola borders a steep declivity.

Instead of concrete, it is possible to have still better pillars, although much more costly ones—pillars of small rubble stone and cement. This sounds simple, but it is far from being so, for the pillars must be smooth-sided and shapely and they require much more expert workmanship.

And, after all, it is questionable whether or not such pillars, although abstractly better, are better for a pergola, for the concrete has the needful simplicity and solidity and is easily kept of the whiteness which makes the best of contrasts with greenery. For some, a dazzling white seems too strong, although under the sunny sky of the South nothing, assuredly, could be better. For those who object to the pronounced white for our more northern regions, the natural gray of the cement, or the ivory or cream color of Italy, is always possible. White and green make a harmony in outdoor effects as old as the world, in both nature and art.

Pergola pillars are not necessarily of concrete or of stone. Some are of massive timbers, some are of brick. Red brick is not an effective thing to build with—if it is to be left brick-red.

This is remindful, too, that although the greater number of pillars are round, there are some very fine ones that are square, even in the land of pergolas; this again showing that the entire subject should be approached with openness of mind.

There is considerable variety possible with pergola-like effects, even though the structures may not always be strictly termed pergolas. The side of a house is sometimes admirably pergolaed; but this is best when there is a view out through the sides. The Mediterranean home of Elihu Vedder, the artist, has such a side pergola, as well as a pergola on the roof, the effect, in this case, stopping just short of being too much of an excellent thing; for it is easy to have too much pergola, as the people have learned who have tried the experiment of two in the same garden.

The use of a short pergola is often excellent for a gateway—not a driving entrance, for any pergola is too low for that—but a solid, dignified structure which, with two pillars on each side and cross-poles massed in grapes or roses, makes a beautiful entrance for a beautiful garden.

Just how far over the edges the cross-pieces should extend, or whether they should extend at all, often demands nicety of judgment. No general rule can be laid down, as each case depends upon its particular pergolas. If run rigidly to line, in the wooden framework on the top, they are apt to appear stiff and stilted, and projecting points are apt to give a ragged appearance, especially in the winter season when the leaves are off.

As the American garden is more and more being improved by the building of pergolas, a tendency is noticed in their construction to build a rather narrow style, say about six feet across. This is not a liberal enough width. It is hard to give the necessary dignity if the pergola is narrower than eight feet.

For absolute regularity, it is a good idea to have the distance between columns longitudinally the same as the distance transversely, and this gives fine and impressive exactitude in a line of columns.

The longitudinal distances are not necessarily the same as the transverse. We remember measuring an unusually fine one, with square pillars, with a height of eight feet, transverse space of eight feet, and longitudinal distances from pillar to pillar of fifteen feet.

Another, of extremely fine effect and most unusual treatment, has its columns in pairs. It is an extremely wide pergola—fourteen feet across—and its height is therefore higher than ordinary, being nine and a half feet. Longitudinally, on each side, there are two pillars, three feet apart, then a space of fourteen feet, then two more pillars, three feet apart, then the space, and so on.

A Hint for Our Park Commissioners

That a pergola is primarily to be walked in makes it necessary to see that the walk shall be a good one. There is the hard, beaten ground, there is the gritty gravel, there is the carefully-laid tile, there is brick in varying patterns of laying, and there are stones of varying size irregularly laid and buried, all but their surface—delightful stepping-stones with the grass between.

Throughout there is to be maintained an air of formal informality, and it is rare, therefore, that brilliant tile of yellow and green will seem precisely proper, although we have seen even that look well under a sunny sky. Cobblestones pave some, but they are too liable to make pergola walking a penance rather than a pleasure.

Probably the most beautiful series of pergolas in the world is at Posilipo, overlooking the Bay of Naples, and these should be spoken of not only because they are the most beautiful in a land from which we take the pergola, but, much more important, because they convey an important hint for possible application in many an American public park and private estate.

A line of villas lies between the highway and the water and below the highway level. From the villas to this road there lead stone stairways, with broad landings, through gardens dotted with ilex and bay and tall stone pines, and each staircase is pergolaed throughout its length, not only for beauty, although beauty is splendidly secured, but also for shade from the heat of the sun. The pillars of the pergolas rise from the stone balustrades of the staircases, and the cross-pieces are covered with glorious masses of wistaria and rose. Truly, this is a general design which could be made applicable to many an American spot which is hot and bare under a summer sun.

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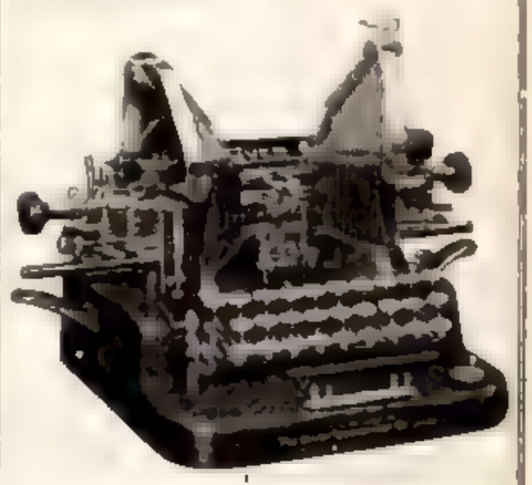

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REAL-ESTATE INVESTMENT

What to Seek and What to Avoid in Buying Land and Houses

By W. D. Kerfoot

FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO REAL-ESTATE BOARD AND EX COMPTROLLER CITY OF CHICAGO

REAL-ESTATE investments occupy two general fields: city or village property, and farm lands. Let us first give consideration to city property.

Generally the man of small means seeking an investment in city real estate looks, first of all, for a home for his own occupancy. This is both natural and prudent. Then, if his means and opportunity permit, he is inclined to combine with his home space which can be rented to others and thus be made a source of revenue. This commonly implies a small flat building, or, perhaps, a "double" house.

One of the most important questions for him to consider is that of location. Even if he is not going to be his own tenant he will do well to put himself in that frame of mind, as it will help him more soundly to judge the comparative attractions and disadvantages of the property as prospective tenants would be likely to judge them.

When a buyer intends to occupy the place in question his selection is often influenced by purely personal considerations: he may feel it necessary to live near his place of employment or near certain relatives or friends. There are, however, certain broad considerations which he cannot afford to ignore, looking at the matter from an investment standpoint. The general character of the neighborhood in which he thinks of locating should be thoughtfully weighed. For example, no wise investor will wish to locate in a neighborhood which has a reputation for "toughness." This would make it undesirable for himself or for others as the environment in which to have a home. Again, he will not wish to settle among neighbors whose language and whose ways are strange to him. And, even if he is not going to live on his property, he will find it more convenient and profitable to deal with people of his own race, or at least with those who are fairly-well Americanized.

Especial care should be taken to see that the locality in which he proposes to buy is not the neighborhood of saloons or of industrial plants which pollute the atmosphere with fumes, vapors and unpleasant smells. The only way in which he can see that the coast is clear in all respects is personally to make a thorough investigation of the neighborhood.

Then, on the other hand, he should be as careful to see that transportation facilities are adequate, that schools are good and accessible, and that the neighborhood is at least not destitute of churches. All these things vitally affect both the present and future values of real estate in every residence locality. The prospective buyer should satisfy himself that transportation facilities, so far as that neighborhood is concerned, are likely to improve rather than to decline. Then, too, he should bear in mind that any public movement which will tend to "boom" a locality not far distant, thus having a tendency to shift population, by so doing may deplete and smother the neighborhood in which he proposes to locate. Movements of this kind are very generally a matter of public gossip for some time before they become actually operative, and it is not, in most cases, so difficult as it might seem for the intelligent inquirer to "get wind" of them.

Tracking Down a Real Bargain

There are various ways in which the man who wishes to invest his savings in real estate may get track of a bargain; but the principal agencies are the "for sale" signs posted on property, the real-estate advertisements of the daily newspapers and the offices of responsible real-estate firms. Personal acquaintance is another means through which knowledge of desirable investments often reaches the prospective buyer. Whatever the agency by which the investigator learns of the different pieces of property which promise to meet his requirements, let him settle it with himself at the outset that he will not take definite or final action until he has sifted the merits of all the offerings down to a fine point.

The best way to do this sifting is, as I have hinted, to make a preliminary examination, in person, of each attractive piece of property and of its environments. Then let him take along with him some personal friend who has a hard-headed, common-sense knowledge of real-estate values, in order to secure a second and more searching examination

After he has sifted the matter down to a choice between two pieces of property he should, if buying a building, take a practical builder with him and have the entire construction of the building examined. If he has no intimate acquaintance of whom to ask such a gratuitous service, he can better afford to hire a builder to make the examination than to go ahead without it, as the expense for such a service would be comparatively small.

When buying a vacant lot for the purpose of putting up a small flat building, for example, the fact should never be lost sight of that, while a lot in a good locality costs a little more than in a poor one, the same building in a good locality will often rent for much more than in a poorer one—perhaps, for twice as much. Again, the class of tenants attracted to a good neighborhood is much more dependable in both payment of rentals and tenure of occupancy.

Prices and terms having been agreed upon, the making of a contract for purchase and the deposit of earnest money is next in order. This document should be executed with great care, being the formal basis of the whole transaction. When going into the final interview in which the contract is to be drawn up, it is always safe and advisable for the purchaser to take with him, if possible, a friend who is of an accurate and businesslike temperament. Let me place especial emphasis on the importance of the contents of this contract; if all its details are not attended to with the greatest of care, disputes are likely to occur, particularly with regard to the question of taxes and assessments, of unpaid water taxes, and of other possible claims which might, at some future time, operate as a lien on the property.

Making a Settlement on Property

As a general proposition, however, the seller pays the special assessments for improvements already concluded and the purchaser assumes those for work not done at the time of purchase. The matter of general taxes presents more difficulty, owing to our system of not collecting the taxes for any particular year until some time in the year following. For example, in Chicago, taxes for the year 1908 will not be collected until April, 1909. In most sales of vacant property, the purchaser assumes the taxes for that year; in the case of improved property, the taxes are usually pro-rated between the seller and buyer, and are considered a part of the running expenses of the property and are chargeable against the rents.

Attorneys usually advise their clients not to execute a real-estate contract without first submitting it to them, but this is rarely done, as responsible real-estate houses take pains to advise their clients and buyers as to the exact meaning of the different parts of the contract, because a dispute over a transaction would necessarily reflect seriously upon the office in which it occurred. A dissatisfied purchaser is one of the worst advertisements a real-estate house can have. If the real-estate agent through which the sale is made has not an established reputation for square dealing and financial responsibility, the purchaser should bring with him or her either an attorney or an intelligent and well-posted friend.

The form of contract now generally used in Chicago, for example, provides that it, together with the earnest money, shall be held by some third party—either the real-estate broker making the sale or a trust company; that the seller shall furnish the buyer with a complete and merchantable abstract of title showing the title to the property from the Government down to the date of the contract, or a merchantable title guarantee policy or a Torrens certificate—the abstract of title being furnished in the great majority of cases.

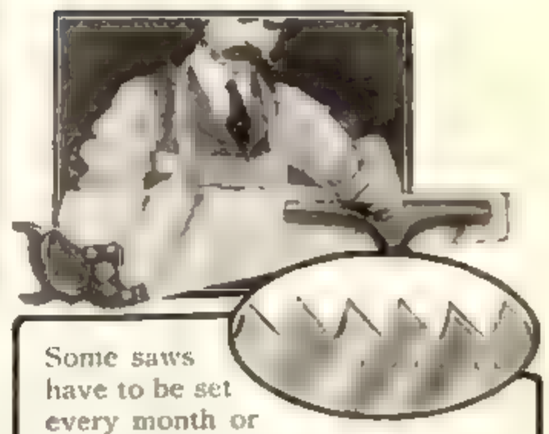
The Torrens system has been adopted in Illinois, California, Massachusetts, Minnesota and Colorado. It provides for registration of title, not the mere registration of the deed or other instrument affecting title as under our present system, and its objects are certainty and facility in proof of title, and simplicity in dealing with land after the title is thus proved. These objects are secured by the issuance of a document called a certificate of title, declaring the owner of a specified tract or lot of land. Such a certificate is issued on application to the proper court, which, in some jurisdictions, notably Massachusetts, is a special court of land registration, notice to adverse claimants, investigation by the official "examiner of title" and a decree of the court ordering that the title be registered. A short period is fixed within which time an appeal from the decree of registration must be taken by those interested, this being two years in Illinois, thirty days in Massachusetts, except in case of fraud, when petition for review may be filed within one year. The original certificate of title is kept on file in the recorder's office and a duplicate issued to the owner of the land. These certificates set forth the exact situation as regards the title of the land at the time they were issued, showing who holds the title and the incumbrances. On transfer of the land the duplicate is surrendered and a new certificate issued to the purchaser.

The Torrens system of title records, while possessing certain advantages, is by no means generally acceptable throughout the country, and comparatively few people are sufficiently familiar with it to accept a Torrens certificate. Again, it is not always convenient for the purchaser to secure a title guaranteed by a large and responsible title guarantee company. When this can be done it is certainly advisable, particularly for the small and inexperienced investor, as this plan shifts all burden of responsibility for the title and for its protection, in case any attack is made upon it, upon a great corporation organized for that purpose. Let me illustrate this point by a case which recently occurred in this city.

A young man came to Chicago and claimed to be the son of a large holder of Chicago property. He brought with him a power of attorney from his father and mother who lived in a distant city—at least this document appeared to be regular and valid—authorizing him to mortgage or sell the property as he might elect. A loan for more than twenty thousand dollars was secured, but the capitalist who made the loan took the precaution to have the title guaranteed by one of the largest title guarantee companies of the city. A few months later the actual owner of the property and his wife appeared in Chicago and took oath that the power of attorney presented by the young man was forged and fraudulent. Did this worry the man who had made the loan? Not in the least! He simply took his papers to the office of the guarantee company and in return received a check for the full amount of the loan and interest.

Blackmail by Fraudulent Claimants

Sometimes fraudulent claimants against the title of valuable tracts of property make their appearance and enter suit for the purpose of blackmail and for what they can extort from the frightened owners who have bought lots in the locality affected by the trumped-up litigation. Several notable examples of this kind of thing have appeared both in New York and Chicago within recent years and are now dragging along so that the men behind them may prey upon the fears of small property holders and rake in "compromise" money. Those property holders whose titles are insured by a responsible title guarantee company have no fear from assaults of this kind, as they have only to notify the company and turn over to it any summons or other document relating to the case. It is the province of the guarantee company to



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protect the title, and it is much better equipped to do so, of course, than any individual property owner or association of property owners.

In the case of subdivisions of property made in Chicago and suburbs (and the same situation no doubt prevails elsewhere) during recent years the question of a merchantable abstract of title presents little difficulty, but in the older subdivisions made up to some twenty years ago the matter of the abstract of title presents more difficulty, as formerly abstracts of title certified to by notaries public and others were acceptable, such abstracts now not being deemed merchantable. The abstract of title being received from the seller it is customary for the purchaser to have the same examined by his attorney, or a guarantee policy issued by a guarantee title company. As real estate is conveyed by its legal description—that is, by lot and block, and not by its street number—it is important for the purchaser to ascertain that the building purchased is wholly upon the lot to be conveyed.

All objection to the title, if any, having been removed, and the title of the seller accepted by the purchaser, he is ready to receive his deed and pay the balance of the cash payment. The deed requires careful scrutiny, and in case it has been executed without the State of Illinois, for example, especial care is necessary, as, unless explicit instructions have been sent in regard to its execution, mistakes are liable to occur, particularly in the acknowledgment, which must conform to our statute.

In other words, instruments of conveyance executed outside the State in which the property is located should be scrutinized with especial care and reference to local statutes.

The prospective purchaser should also ascertain whether or not the seller has an estate of homestead in the property sought to be conveyed by the deed. The constitutions or statutes of a great majority of the States provide for such an estate, the object being to furnish a home for the family which will be preserved for its use unless there is a clear intention to part with it. Notable exceptions to this rule are Delaware, Indiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, in which States no such estate is recognized. A homestead estate may be described as an estate to the value of a certain amount (in Illinois one thousand dollars, in California as high as five thousand dollars) or of a certain extent, in land owned and occupied as a residence by any householder having a family depending on him. Such an estate can be conveyed only in a certain manner provided by statute, generally by a releasing clause in the body of the instrument and a similar clause in the certificate of acknowledgment.

What the Trust Deed Is

As to this matter of acknowledgment, it is surprising to note the ignorance on the subject even among those long engaged in the real-estate business. In case the purchaser does not pay the entire amount of the purchase price in cash he must execute notes for the balance, these notes being secured by trust deed on the property. The old form of mortgage has been discarded here and in other States for some time, having made way for the less cumbersome trust deed, under which latter the property is conveyed in trust to some individual or trust company to be held until the notes have been fully paid, when a release is executed re-conveying the property to the original maker of the trust deed or his heirs or assigns. These trust deeds provide for a successor in trust in the event of the death of the original trustee.

In case of the death of the mortgagee under the old form of mortgage, it was necessary to show his will, on the abstract of title, in order to establish the identity of the parties qualified to execute a release of the mortgage when paid, which involved expense and trouble to the mortgagor. All of this is obviated by the modern trust deed. The trust deed and notes having been executed by the purchaser and delivered to the seller or his agent, the deed conveying the property to the purchaser is delivered to him, this deed being usually either a warranty deed, an executors' deed or a trustees' deed, depending on whether the property is being sold by an individual, executors or trustees. This deed should then be filed for record in the recorder's office, which vests the title of record in the purchaser, the trust deed being also filed for record at the same time.

At the closing of the transaction all insurance policies on the property should be transferred to the purchaser, who pays the seller the pro-rata premium for the unexpired term, or he must at once take out new insurance policies, a clause being inserted in the policies that loss, if any, is payable to the trustee as his interest may appear.

The matter of rents must also be adjusted, the purchaser, if he pays all cash, being entitled to the rents only from delivery of deed; but, in case he pays only part cash, and the trust deed and notes antedate the delivery, then the rents are usually adjusted from the date of the notes, the purchaser paying interest on the notes from their date. However, this is a matter for individual adjustment and should be covered in the contract of sale. The leases on the property should, of course, be assigned to the purchaser, and the keys of the vacant flats or house or flat in case any or all are vacant. The purchaser or his agents should at once call at the premises and take possession, making himself known to the tenants.

What a Lease Should Yield

Regarding the return which an investor may reasonably expect from a house or flat building, it is difficult to give an intelligent answer; but it may be said that he should not be satisfied unless the property yields him a net return of seven per cent. Of course, if he is his own tenant he must put himself on the same basis as any other tenant when it comes to figuring the return on his property. Ordinarily he will not need to allow more than one per cent. per annum for depreciation on his building, and, in no case, should the actual depreciation exceed two per cent.

The progressive and energetic investor may do much to enhance the value of his property beyond keeping it up in first-class shape. There are hundreds of instances where a progressive property owner has been the means of forming a neighborhood "improvement association," which has materially enhanced not only the attractiveness, but also the commercial value of all the property in the neighborhood coming under its operation. Associations of this kind devote themselves to making the public streets and the private properties more cleanly and attractive; they inspire what may be termed *neighborhood patriotism*, and cultivate a spirit of coöperation and advancement which not only makes a clean and attractive neighborhood physically, but also inspires a neighborhood spirit of the right sort, which appeals to the man who is looking for an agreeable community in which to live.

Nearly all that I have said with regard to the manner of finding a suitable real-estate investment in the city and to actually making that investment applies to farm investments as well. The most successful investors in farm property are generally those who, at some time or other, have lived on a farm and are familiar with the elements which go to make up farm values and successful farming.

But there is one great danger in making investments of this kind, to which only those investors who have at some time lived, or are at present living, on farms are likely to be subject—that is, judging the value and productiveness of the farm which they intend to purchase by its physical resemblance to that land which they have known and, perhaps, worked in another State or section of the country. For instance, the best farm land in Illinois is land of a low, black character, and, as a general rule, land of this sort in this State is very productive. Suppose an investor familiar with such land were to go to Indiana to purchase a farm. If he were to rely too much on the physical resemblance of the tract which he wished to purchase to Illinois land he might be very much disappointed in his seeming bargain, for while some of the black land of Indiana is very productive, other tracts of the same description—and to the ordinary purchaser of the same appearance—contain quicksand, and are of little value.

There is, however, no reason why the man or woman who is wholly metropolitan in training and environment may not successfully invest in farm land. In every case he or she should personally examine the property in question and get both a broad-gauge and a detailed view of the general situation of the farm. Then, too, they should secure the advice of some person intimately acquainted with the farm itself and the section in which it is located.

Dig down into the history of what the farm has produced as well and as thoroughly as into the title. If the farm has made a bad showing in net results find out if this has been due to the soil, the kind of stock carried, or to the unintelligent and inadequate manner in which the place has been farmed. Often the best farm investments are those which, through mismanagement, have made comparatively a poor showing. In these days of scientific farming and of State soil surveys the question of what any certain farm should produce is not a matter of mere guesswork or of haphazard experiment. The State soil expert will analyze a sample of soil and tell whether or not it is good soil and what lines of agriculture are best adapted to it.

Questions of transportation are also of great importance in considering farm investments, and these should be carefully inquired into, as facility in reaching good markets is just as essential as the growing of good and bountiful crops. Many an unproductive farm can be made richly productive by a comparatively moderate expenditure for the right kind of drainage system. All these things should be most carefully weighed in connection with the history of the farm. And when it comes to getting the history of a farm, about the best way is to go to the owners of adjacent farms and to the older settlers of the locality. There is seldom any real difficulty in getting at the bottom of the comparative value of a piece of farm property, provided the prospective buyer has the patience to pursue the line of inquiry I have suggested and to do it thoroughly.

The Stability of Real-Estate Investment

While the making of a real-estate investment is more complicated than the purchase of several shares of stock in a corporation or the making of a deposit in a savings-bank, I believe it is well worth the extra trouble, as the purchaser has something which cannot be impaired or taken away from him by dishonest or incompetent corporation or bank officials. City real estate is, perhaps, subject to greater fluctuations, as a broad proposition, than farm land, but I believe that, on the whole, there is no sounder form of investment than real estate. Of course, great care and good common-sense are always necessary in order to make a safe investment in either one of these fields, and the purchaser who does not fortify himself with good advice and sound information will soon find himself separated from his money—or, at least, a considerable part of it. Fictitiously inflated "land booms" afford almost as expeditious an agency for sinking money on the part of small investors as do bogus mining and other "get-rich-quick" investment schemes. At the same time real estate bought with any fair degree of common-sense is more uniformly profitable than any other general form of investment, and the population of the United States is so rapidly increasing that, at fair prevailing prices, almost any productive farm in this country is bound to be, in the long run, an investment which will—and must—increase in value.

The Way of Valor

BEING the son of his father, having had a not uninteresting career of his own and possessing, moreover, the pen of the ready writer, E. H. Sothern, the actor, ought to make, for a man comparatively so young, an excellent memoirist. That idea, at any rate, occurred not long ago to a New York publisher who sought Sothern out at the Players' Club. He sketched out his reasons for wanting the actor to write his autobiography.

"Yes," admitted Sothern, "I suppose all that's true, but how about the advance royalty?"

The publisher, as is usual with publishers, did not go so fast when he had reached this portion of the conversation. He said he thought that there "would be no trouble about that," but Sothern demanded a definite figure and, when none was given, named one for himself

"Oh, but," protested the publisher, "that's prohibitive!"

"Not at all, not at all," responded the actor. "I am no coward, and I mean to sell my life as dearly as possible."

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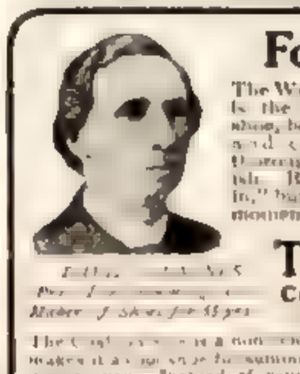

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THE LITTLE PUDDLE

(Continued from Page 7)

But the congregation had sat spellbound, lifted on pinions of exaltation, and never knowing that the wings beneath them were lame and moulted.

After a sermon which seemed to Van Mieris longer than eternity and duller than the grave, Old Hundred and the benediction were reached, and the congregation loitered out as raggedly as it had sung. The preacher made his way around to the door and shook hands with various members. Miss Boynton, too, was there and introduced Van Mieris and Mrs. Ruddy to the parson, who expressed his sympathy for their mishap and his joy over their recovery in the formulas of his profession.

Then he launched forth into a panegyric of Miss Boynton's singing, appealing to Van Mieris as a musician to confirm his high opinions.

Van Mieris muttered his agreement with every eulogy and felt so guilty that he wondered why the steeple of the church did not come tumbling about his ears with its jangling bell—whose voice was also cracked. He kept his eyes from Mrs. Ruddy's face, but he knew the lurking mischief that was mocking his arrant falsehood.

He saw on Miss Boynton's cheeks two spots of red that looked guilty. Had she come also to a realizing sense of her musical heterodoxy? Or was she simply disturbed by the bald-headed man who stood by her and clung to her arm with a sense of possession that brought up in Van Mieris' heart an ache of rage? He diagnosticated it as jealousy—the final proof of his love.

Miss Boynton forebore to introduce the stranger, but the pastor spoke:

"Mr. Van Mieris—shake hands with Brother Meadows. He is not only the leading hardware dealer in Carthage, but also one of our elders and an untiring worker in the vineyard. Mr. Van Mieris agrees with us that Miss Boynton is indeed a singer to whom Heaven has intrusted a precious gift."

Van Mieris gave his soft, white fingers to the griding squeeze of a paw that seemed to have been handling barbed wire. Brother Meadows, still affixed to Miss Boynton's upper arm, spoke up in the seductive voice of an habitual salesman:

"Glad you like this little woman's singin'. I ain't any shucks of a musician, but she gits me! We have some swell concert troupes here now and then—some from Des Moines and some from as far away as Chicago, but they don't seem to lay holt on me like this little woman does.

"A lot of folks allow she'd ought to be in one of the big cities—like Dubuque or New York or Parrus, but it's no life for a woman, I say, and long as she is so pop'lar here, I say, she'd ought to stay. Still, sometimes when she sings like what she did this blessed Sabbath morning, seems a pity that so few folks hear her. Carthage hasn't got over eighteen hunderd pop'lation and our church only seats four hunderd."

As Mr. Meadows seemed inclined to escort Miss Boynton home, Van Mieris made an awkward escape, wormed his way through the gossiping lingerers and went along with Mrs. Ruddy.

At the dinner-table all the boarders were spruced up and important as if their very stomachs knew it to be Sunday. But Van Mieris sat scowling through the praises of Miss Boynton that pingponged to and fro across the board. When he could not dodge he answered with he upon he.

He sought his room after dinner, and smoked sullenly till the hour when he and Miss Boynton were to take what was known in Carthage as a "constitootional." Van Mieris was not strong enough to go far, and he was soon dropping on a moss-rug spread about the roots of a pine tree, whose cones thudded gently to earth now and then with the same punctuation of the silence that old Theocritus loved.

At his feet a brook went caroling and wavering like a tipsy minstrel. Miss Boynton sat against the bole of the tree spread above them like a great cathedral chandelier fringed with needles of green crystal. She was looking strangely attractive in the shadow of her hat.

He forgot every music except the deep, flute-tones of the gurgling brook. He wanted never to go back to his career of struggles and spites, of failures that gnawed and successes that did not satisfy. He found himself telling her how much he hated her, how good she had been, and how he had delayed to return to his fractured concert season, to which his manager's letters were anxiously recalling him. He told her that she was the best and the dearest woman he had ever known.

"You make me feel very wicked when you call me good, for I am not good. I have lied to you. You asked me once if you had ever seen and heard me before. I said you hadn't, but you had. I recognized your name and your face the first time you were brought to the house."

"So I have seen you? Where? When?"

She hesitated a long while, braiding and unbraiding her fingers before she could speak:

"It was years ago—in New York—at the Metropolitan—at a Sunday-night concert. You played a solo; I sang one. Do you remember now?"

"No," he said.

"You're lucky to have forgotten. I never have. You see, I wasn't born here in Carthage or raised here. I come from Nebraska. I used to sing a good deal as a girl, and the folks at home thought I was wonderful. They said I could make Patti sit up and take notice. My father and mother used to go crazy over my future. Finally they decided to put a mortgage on the house and send me to New York to study. I didn't like to do it, but they made me. I went to New York. Most of the teachers I called on said my method was all wrong, and I needed years of study. But I found one man who told me my voice was naturally rightly placed, and I only needed a repertoire. He looked kind of shabby, and I remember I wondered if he needed the money. But he told me that he had a secret method and influence with the managers, too. So I decided to study with him. He wanted a lot of money in advance, and I remember how relieved he looked when I put the cash in his hand.

"Well, I studied and studied for months. Sometimes I felt I was on the wrong road, because my throat ached so, and I had to force so hard to get high notes. But he always praised me till, finally, I believed him. After several months I got bad news from home. I told him I'd have to go back, unless I got an engagement. He said he could get me a hearing, but it would cost the price of commission for an agent he knew. Well, I paid it. And they gave me an appearance at the Metropolitan. I sent a telegram home and mother mailed me a clipping from the town paper, telling what a great success I was making and that I was the pride of Bristol.

"On the day of the concert I fainted twice, but the professor's wife brought me round, and got me into my dress—that cost a lot, too. It was the first low-neck dress I ever wore—and the last. I sang under the name of Signora Bristolina. I had taken it from the name of my home town and made it Italian, you see. I sang the air from The Queen of Sheba. Don't you remember it?"

"No," said Van Mieris.

"I wish I didn't. It was awful. My throat seemed to just shut up like a trap. I pumped terribly hard and sang my best, but I could see that I wasn't making a success. It's wonderful how you can feel the audience, isn't it? You know just what they're thinking, don't you?"

"Yes," said Van Mieris.

"The feeling of those people came to me as plain as if they had spoken. It was like a cold wind blowing across the footlights. It chilled me through. But I had to go on, didn't I?"

"We always have to go on."

"Well, I did, although they tried to stop me. They began to titter, and to laugh out loud, and then to—just think of it!—to hiss. Oh, you must remember it."

"Yes, I remember now, and I remember your pluck—how you did go on to the end, in spite of the curs."

He felt a desire to find that audience again and take personal revenge on it. He wished, like the old king, that the public had but one head that he might wring its neck. She felt the knighthood in his tone, and reaching out pressed his hand. He still clung to her fingers after her pressure relaxed, but she went on as if she had forgotten him.

"Then I hurried back to the boarding-house in a cab, the last one I ever rode in. I slipped up to my room and took off my concert gown. I left it on the floor, and the next thing I knew, my trunk and my valise were all packed. I had an express-man called by one of the boarders. I told him I had had a telegram calling me home. He carried my valise to the street-car that ran to the depot. I bought a ticket for home, and it didn't leave me much, and I knew there was no money at home. All night I couldn't sleep thinking of the terrible disappointment of my poor old father and mother when I got back—nothing left but faded hopes and a mortgage that would never fade.

"I was so tired and so discouraged I wanted to just drop down between two of the cars and let the wheels finish my troubles. But that took more courage than I had. Then the brakeman passed through the train yelling: 'Carthage next stop—next stop Carthage!' I had never heard of Carthage before, so it seemed like a good, quiet place to bury myself. I got off the train and stood on the platform wondering which way to turn. As soon as the train started off I felt how crazy I had been, but there wasn't another for hours, and I was faint with hunger, so I asked for a boarding-house and was told to go to Mrs. Baldwin's. I went there for dinner. I've been there ever since. Somebody happened to mention that the only piano teacher in town had left, and there was nobody to take her place. I spoke up and said that was what I had come for. I knew enough to teach children, anyway. It was slow at first, but I managed somehow. I had to tell a lot of lies for a while, but nobody found them out. I spent several days writing mother a letter telling her I could never come home. She had always let me have my own way, so she made no objection. She wrote me a letter full of sympathy, and the ink was blurred in spots where I knew her tears had fallen. She came to visit me last summer, and father comes next fall.

"It was a long time before I ever sang again, but gradually in church and at prayer-meeting I began to hum and then to sing right out. Finally I was asked to join the choir, and then at last to do solo work. People here think I'm great. You saw that, and I am not a bit afraid before them.

"Gradually my voice grew stronger and better, and now I really think I can sing. You said so yourself. God has sent to me in this little village the voice that I should have taken to the big city. It is hard to think it came so late—but the Lord's will be done."

There was such humility in her self-satisfaction that it wakened no resentment, but rather gratitude in his heart for the belated mercy that had denied her the gift but had given her the delusion of it.

After a long, wondering silence a tender curiosity urged him to ask:

"And is it that you have not sometimes thought of going back to a public career?"

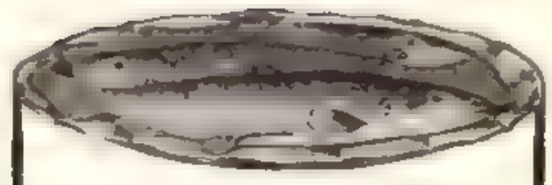
She nodded: "Oh, yes; I've thought of it often enough, but I always remember that night in New York. What if I can sing now? I don't know any manager to go to and other artists would be jealous—you've told me how hateful they are. And then I should be so scared—oh, so scared. So I've stayed right here. It's better to be a big frog in a little puddle, you know, than to be only a whale in the ocean. They worship me in Carthage, and the cities haven't missed me, I guess, and so—well, here I am, and here I've stayed. Do you think I'm wise?"

"I think you are the dearest woman that ever lived. I love you."

It was out of him before he knew what he had said. She was so astounded that she sat speechless a long while, with hands clasped and eyes uplifted in a solemn delightedness. Finally, her dream began to find voice in little exclamations:

"To be loved by a great musician like you! To be the wife of a great musician who loves my voice as you do! To travel the world over, you playing, I singing! Such concerts as we could give together!—sometimes you could play obligatos while I sang—things like the Angels' Serenade and the Ave Maria. Oh, what a life! Even if I were afraid to sing in public again—in the great cities—I could sing to you and—in the evenings when you were tired out I could play and sing as I did that first night you ever heard me in Carthage. Do you remember?"

He remembered.



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After a long while she took up the thread of her thoughts again with the quiet murmur of a spinning-wheel.

"So you love me! Franz van Mieris, of all the world, loves Grace Boynton, of only Carthage. And you want me to go out into your world with you? I don't know what to think. I am so happy and so afraid. My ambition and my heart tell me to go with you, but my duty—I wonder what my duty is. I'm—I ought to have told you before—I'm engaged to Mr. Meadows. Of course, I could break the engagement, and, of course, since you've come, I haven't felt the same toward him. But it would hurt him terribly to have me jilt him now—we've been going together for five years. . . . And then, the people here are so proud of me—and I love them so. At funerals you ought to see the way my singing seems to help them and console them. And there are all the children—my little pupils. There's nobody else to teach them. What would Carthage do without me? Let me think it over a few days, and pray a few nights, will you?"

The next morning Mrs. Ruddy came to Miss Boynton. She was aflame with delight:

"I've just 'ad a letter from me lawyer. He has been seeing w'at damages 'e could collect from the railroad. I told 'im what I was earning and 'ow long I could have gone on dancing, and 'e put it up to them stryte—(straight). They offered to compromise—for what do you suppose? Twenty-five thousand dollars! But 'e is 'olding out for fifty. Think of it! Fifty thou.! And 'e says 'e can get it before any jury in Iowa. Ain't it gorgeous? Me kids can stay at school until they're old enough to take up the profession their father and mother 'ad before them. Wherever is Mr. Van Mieris? I must make 'aste to tell him."

Miss Boynton said very quietly:

"He is not here, Mrs. Ruddy, to hear your splendid news. He has gone—rather suddenly. He left me a letter saying so."

She did not offer it to Mrs. Ruddy, for it went like this:

Dear Grace Boynton:

All night I have not slept, thinking and thinking.

The life of an artist is a dog's life. The public is fickle and the critic has no mercy. I have not the heart to drag you into it. It is that I love you too much. The life Out There would not make you happy. And I want you to be that. As for me, I am condemned to be an artist. I have no right to happiness. I am only a vagabond fiddling from town to town.

Stay in your little puddle, as you call it, and sing to those who love you, need you. I am gone by the early train. To say good-by to you is more than I could endure. Of my courage it takes all for the going. I leave you sleeping, I hope, and dreaming, perhaps, our dream, who could not come true, he is too beautiful.

Always I shall remember how good that you were to me. You did respond to every of my moods without to delay, without to resist, without to misunderstand. For that you were like my dear dead fiddle. Another violin I shall have to get—for I must go on—but never shall I find another You. Be happy, be happy—it is the deepest wish of

FRANZ VAN MIERIS.

This letter Miss Boynton did not show to Mrs. Ruddy, nor ever to any one else.

On the following Sunday there were no strangers in Carthage. The town felt a little more at home, as a family feels after visitors have gone and it is possible to put back into camphor the company manners and the sense of being under inspection.

The imitation stained-glass windows were open wide to a very secular breeze that did not know it was Sunday, for it loafed about the church whispering slumber and lethal indifference to the parson's exhortations. It seemed to add a fragrance, however, to the soprano solo. Never had there seemed to be so much eloquence and spiritual beauty in the voice of this leader of home talent, whom even the great violinist What's-his-name had praised so heartily the Sunday before. His professional authority had given the final confirmation to what people had always thought of the sweet singer of Carthage.

Everybody told everybody else, "I told you so," as the congregation trickled home, and hardly anybody even noticed the distant passing of the Cannonball Express, which shot through Carthage with a thunder that only emphasized the peace.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT HUNTS

(Continued from Page 4)

log that was on fire; the wind blew the smoke and sparks away from us. During the night the wind changed and commenced blowing the sparks toward us. Instead of our negroes waking us up and telling us to move, they took turns about watching for the sparks and putting them out as they fell on our blankets. The next morning we waked up thoroughly refreshed, while the two negroes were hovering, half-asleep, around the fire."

"You has to cum in pretty close to a bear sometimes," remarked Holt, as the Colonel handed him a cigar to start his story. "The closest I ever got was one time in a big hollow log. The bear was plum tired out, and it run into the log. I had a fool young dog that run in right behind him. He was such a fine dog that I hated for the bear to kill him. I heard him whine once or twice. Then I crawled in with a knife in my hand, caught the dog by his legs and pulled him past the bear. I stuck the bear three or four times with the knife, and he cum squeezing out by me; but he didn't make no 'tempt to do nothin' 'cept to git away. The log was pretty big on the inside, but it got kinder norrer up toward the mouth, and by me stabbin' 'im so swif' the bear got twisted up and died right there. Ef I had been by myself, like I mostin generally was, there wouldn't been no way on earth for me to git out o' that log. I mout've *pulled* the bear out, but I could never shove him out from behind. The nigger what was with me had done run away, but when he found the bear was dead for keeps, he cum back and pulled him out. That was the closest I ever got to a bear, and the closest I ever wants to git."

"Talking about dogs," began the Major, "it's born in the little cusses to run a bear. Once I had nine puppies, and as soon as they got big enough I had them trained to trail their meat, by tying a piece of meat to a string and pulling it about the yard. Then I would take a piece of bear-hide and train the puppies to trail that. They were little fellows."

Hunting with a Puppy Pack

"One day, when they were about a foot high, I said to Holt, 'I am going bear-hunting and am going to take the puppies along.' Holt objected to the puppies being taken, because they were too little. When we got out in the woods Holt said:

"'Now, Major, I am goin' to git over that fence yonder and start a bear. You mustn't take them puppies, 'cause, when we gits into a chase and cums back, I don't want to be huntin' after lost puppies.'

"But I took my puppies, anyhow, and went through the old cornstalk field. Holt got over the fence with his pack, and, sure enough, he started a bear just as he said he would. He chased it clear away, but finally killed it. I kept my puppies with me and wouldn't let them go with Holt.

"Presently, I heard a couple of my puppies in the cane running like the devil was after them, and here came the others, throwing somersaults over the cornstalks, running to the fence and trying to get through. The little fellows couldn't get through the fence, so they went around to a place where they could get through, following their trail.

"In five minutes I never heard a prettier chase. I never dreamed of it being a bear, but they had struck that trail at the psychological moment.

"That bear they were after was just made for those puppies, and those puppies were made for that bear. He ran down the fence, then doubled back and went north. The little fellows treed him.

"I said to myself, 'That doesn't run like a rabbit, and it doesn't run like a cat. It must be a 'coon.'

"I went out in the cane. The puppies were making so much noise I was anxious to get to them. When I got there those little devils were sitting around the tree barking, and there was a three-year-old bear up the tree.

"I rushed my puppies out as quickly as I could, being very particular to get a dead shot. The bear fell out dead; they jumped on it and mouthed it. I fought them off the bear. Then we all went out together and sat down waiting for Holt.

"After a while Holt came up, and I said, 'Holt, did you get him?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'What size?' He told me, and I remarked, 'That's a bigger bear than *I* killed.'

"'How'd *you* kill any bear?'

"'I killed one with my pack. Didn't you kill one with yours?'

"'Now, Major,' said Holt, 'you oughtn't to be a-foolin' me that way. You always used to tell me the trufe befo' you got to braggin' on them puppies.'

"I laughed, and told him to go in and get the bear."

"Cunnel," said the cook, stepping up into the firelight, "dere wuz a teeny bit o' nigger cum up here to-day wid a great big musket, heap bigger'n he wuz.

"'What you want, boy?' sez I.

"'Ain't dis whar de *President* is at?'

"'Yes; what bizness is dat o' your'n?'

"'I wants to go a-huntin' wid 'im.'

"I looked at dat fool boy a minute, den I busted out in a laugh an' said:

"'What's dat you got?'

"'Got a musket.'

"'What you got in dat musket?'

"'Got some slugs, an' some screws, an' some nails, and 'bout a handful o' powder—Pa, he say dat a bear 'quires sumpin' kinder ruff.'

"Yessir, Cunnel, dey sho' is sech things as stingin' snakes. Dey's big and black wid red bellies; grows six or seven feet long, maybe bigger, and got stingers in de ends o' dey tails, what runs in an' out same as hornet stingers. Ef you bothers one he don't cum at you wid his head like any udder snake; no, suh, he jes' throws out his tail same as ef it were a whip-cracker. One time I wus a-paddlin' along slow in a dugout, an' I looked behine me, an' dere, swimmin' along right fast a-tryin' to ketch up wid me, war de bigges' snake I ever saw; an' he had whiskers a foot long—he sho' did—same as a man's mustache. I stops to look at 'im one minute an' he cum straight on—'peered like he wanted to git in de boat wid me. By me paddlin' right brief, an' de snake hurryin' up, I got skeered. When I seen he was gwine to ketch me, I hit 'im wid de paddle, an' he spit out de bigges' bullfrog I ever seed. It war dat frog's legs hangin' out o' his mouth dat I thought war his whiskers."

Eyes that Shone in the Dark

"Dat war one o' dem stingin' snakes; he thought dat dugout war a log, an' was a-tryin' to git up on't so as he could swallow de frog.

"The curiousest thing I ever saw war de time Cap'n lost his hat in dis here very lake, an' he had to go home wid a paper sack on his head. Everybody laffed at 'im outrageous. Him an' anudder gent'man tuk a torch one night and went paddlin' down de lake, to shine de eyes of whatsomever varmints cum down to water. Dey didn't see nothin' fer a long time, but dere war one ole panther off yonder in de woods what kep' a-hollerin' kinder mournful dat ll make anybody feel kinder creepy of a night. Presently, de Cap'n shined a pair o eyes right close to de water. He paddled in close and tuk a shot. Whatever de critter war, it commenced to jumpin' 'round 'mongst the bushes. Cap'n climbed up de bank to see what 'twas he kilt. Right den he shined anudder pair o' eyes an' shot th' uther barrel. Jes' soon as de gun went off de critter cum bulgin' down de bank todes 'im, makin' an awful fuss. Cap'n's mind bein' on dat panther, he jus' throwed down his gun and jumped smack in de lake. 'Twarn't nothin' but a deer. When de gent'man what was wid Cap'n held up de torch, he say he couldn't see nothin' 'cept Cap'n's bald head a-bobbin' up an' down."

"Old January DuBose used to tell about how Ben Chew got after the biggest bear he

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ever saw. Old Ben had poured some lead in the joint of a cane to load his gun; he had the other barrel loaded with goose-shot. The dogs finally run the bear straight up to Ben. He shot him in the head with his slug and as the bear turned to run he shot him again from the rear. But the bear got away.

"Several years afterward old January told that story one night in camp. The very next morning we went out and Holt Collier killed a big bear. When January came up Holt said:

"'January, here's your old bear.'

"'How'd you know, Holt?'

"'Cause here's where that slug hit 'im in the head.'

"Sure enough, the slug had encysted in the bear's skull and we dug it out.

"'Now,' says Holt, 'ef that's the same bear you'll find a lot o' geese-shot in 'is flank.'

"We skinned the bear and found the geese-shot. There could be no mistake about it."

This story is so like a veracious narrative of Baron Munchausen's that the gentleman who told it desires his name withheld.

Bear Lake could not be improved upon as the stage-setting for a ghost story. The dark and silent woods surround a shimmering ribbon of water. The owls are hooting from the trees; the far cry of a wolf comes muffled through the wilderness; the panther's screams send a shiver up the spine.

Queer Happenings in a Lonesome Spot

A negro's thoughts turn always to the supernatural, and one of them asked the Colonel if he believed in ghosts. Afterward he tried to repeat the President's story.

"I dunno whether I kin tell it right, but de Cunnel he say he don't know whether he believes in 'em or not—he ain't never seen nary one *hisself*. He say dat a gent'man what he knowed out West tole 'im sumpin' dat sounded mighty queer. Dey war two pardners trappin' in de woods. Dey kilt a man an' had to run away. Dey went off together to dis lonesome country whar-somever 'twas at, and dere one o' dem kilt de udder. Den his pardner haunted 'im till he jes' *had* to leave.

"After dat two mo' trappers went dere to hunt. Dere warn't no udder place to camp, 'cept in dat one spot. Very fust night dese two men was dere dey seen what 'peared like a bear comin' up todes de fire. Hit couldn't be no bear, 'cause a bear don't never ack dat-a-way. Hit looked like a bear whenever dey saw it, but when dey went out an' 'xamined de tracks, dey found dat de tracks war de same kind o' tracks like people make. *It war a bear dat made a man's tracks.*

"One night dis thing cum up to de tent, and dey ran it off. Den it cum back when dere was only one man dere, an' kilt 'im. His pardner returned back jes' in time to see it go away, slippin' off in de woods. He got his gun right quick, but de more he thought 'bout it, de mo' he 'cluded he wouldn't stay in no sech place as dat. Dat's what de Cunnel said."

The President had now spent more than ten days in the swamp—days of intense and persevering activity—yet he had not got a bear. His hosts were anxious and distressed. Holt Collier had labored faithfully to drive the game in his direction, but, with fifteen miles of cane-brake to choose from, it is no easy task to force a bear past any given point.

The time was rapidly approaching when the President must return to Washington. On Thursday evening he called Holt Collier to the fire and said:

"Holt, I haven't got but one or two more days. What *am* I going to do?—I haven't killed a bear."

Holt answered promptly:

"Cunnel, ef you let me manage the hunt you'll sho' kill one to-morrow. One of 'em got away to-day that you ought to have killed."

"Whatever you say goes, Holt."

"All right, Cunnel."

Then Holt called Mr. Clive Metcalf and said:

"Now, Mr. Clive, you take the Cunnel and bum around with him in the woods like you an' me always does, and don't put him on no more stand. He ain't no baby. He kin go anywhere you kin go; jes' keep him as near to the dogs as you kin. Mr. Harley and me'll follow the hounds; when we strike a trail you and the Cunnel come a-runnin'."

Meanwhile Mr. Parker and Alec Enolds were holding a private convention behind a tree.

"'Taint no use, Mr. Parker. I can't drive a bear, and also ride wid de Cunnel. 'Spose you git somebody else to do de guidin' an' put me into de cane-brake wid de dogs."

So it was arranged that Mr. Clive Metcalf should ride with the President, while Mr. Harley Metcalf and the Osborns went with Holt and Alec into the cane-brake. The amalgamated and consolidated pack of hounds was to be turned loose for a final round-up.

The party rode out, and, leaving the President with Clive Metcalf, plunged into the thickest cane. About six miles from where the President stopped, the dogs struck the cold trail of a bear that they had left the day before. Patiently they tracked it up, and finally jumped the animal. The dogs all followed the bear, except two or three that ran off after a deer.

In spite of the utmost the hunters could do the bear ran in the wrong direction. But they kept behind him, well knowing that, when the cane got thin, Mr. Bear would turn around and come back again—for a bear will not break cover if he can avoid it.

This particular bear never did stop running, never paused to fight nor stopped at bay. When the cane grew thin he doubled on his tracks and started toward the President.

How the President Got His Bear

When he got nearly back to the point where Clive Metcalf and the President were stationed the dogs overtook him—old Rowdy the reliable brought him to bay. The pack had dwindled to three dogs, but Alec Enolds, who reached them first, succeeded in recalling the balance of Holt's pack and set them on the bear again. Then he fired several shots in quick succession, hoping Mr. Clive Metcalf would hear. Three hundred yards away the President sat on his horse, while the experienced hunter beside him listened to the approaching chase.

A successful hunter must be able to tell by the sound the direction his hounds are traveling, and then, from his knowledge of the country, he must know where to overhaul the bear. The bear makes no gum-shoe progress through a cane-brake, and Clive Metcalf heard him coming from afar off.

At the proper time he turned:

"Here's your chance, Colonel! Come!"

He dismounted, hitched his horse, took off his coat and stuffed his hat into his bosom. The President imitated him; the two men plunged into the cane-brake, forcing their way through the tangle for three hundred yards toward the spot where the dogs held the bear at bay. Clive Metcalf carried no gun for fear of accidents; but he wore a long knife.

The End of the Chase

"Come on, Clive!" shouted Harley Metcalf from the other side of the bear, and the two men rushed forward. They crouched in the dense cane and waited. The bear came straight on, a huge shape, walking upright like a man, with the pack of hounds fighting him at every step.

Presently, he veered a little, passed into a thinner spot of cane, and the President's chance came. The President fired, down went the bear, and the pack covered her at once. The President rushed up immediately and fired again so as to save the dogs. But his first shot had gone true. The bear was dead. The President threw down his gun and shouted to Harley Metcalf:

"Harley! Harley! the hunt is a success!" Then he pulled Harley off his horse.

They threw the dead animal across Holt Collier's pony, and the whole party rode back in high spirits.

Just before reaching the camp Holt got down, made the President mount his horse, and ride in with his game.

So the President played Germanicus in the woodland triumph, while Doctor Lambert took his picture with Holt standing beside him among the dogs.

Holt Collier never complains, but he does say mournfully:

"The Cunnel promised to send me one o' them pictures. He give me a fine rifle, but I wanted a picture o' me an' him together."

* * *

"He's a jolly good man sho' as you're born," says a certain darky in speaking of the Colonel. "He loves to hunt. He's a nachul-born sport; he certainly has his fun when he gits out; does his part o' de work in camp jes' like anybody else—takes de bad part wid de good; never grumbles 'bout nothin'; tells a lot o' funny jokes; keeps de camp laughin' all de time, and makes you plum forget he's President.

"He keeps sayin' to 'em all de time not to be noways timid about him. He treated all de darkies good an' kin'—but, Lordy, 'tain't nuthin' interestin' in dese here country niggers.

"The Metcalfs all like him. Mr. Percy likes him—all dem gent'men likes 'im a lot, I tell you."

When "all dem gent'men" put the seal of their approval upon a man the point is no longer debatable with this negro.

MONEY IN BARNYARD DEER

A Chance for Farmers with Four-Legged Game

By RENÉ BACHE

THE prospect that venison in the not-distant future will be as common and cheap in our markets as mutton or beef is held out in a special bulletin which will soon be issued by the Bureau of Mammals and Birds. In order that this may come to pass it is suggested that deer of at least two species ought to be reduced to domestication. They have been wild creatures long enough; the time has arrived when they must become farm animals.

Reindeer have long been domesticated successfully. It is believed that no reason exists wherefore other species of the deer family should not be bred and reared in captivity for the sake of their meat and other products, like cattle. Up to the present time such attempts as have been made in this direction have been desultory and crudely experimental; but it is urged that deer, if they had been as long under careful and intelligent control as cattle and sheep, would be equally "plastic" in the hands of the skillful breeder.

There is a growing scarcity of game, and the market demand for venison far exceeds the supply. Thus the time seems opportune for developing the industry of deer farming. Raising venison is as legitimate a business as growing beef or mutton. Furthermore, deer may be raised to advantage in forests and on rough, brushy ground unfit for either agriculture or stock production, thus utilizing for profit much land now waste.

Raising deer for profit does not necessarily imply their complete domestication. They may be kept in large preserves, under conditions as nearly natural as possible, and thus the breeder may reap almost as much profit as could be expected from a tame herd, while the animals escape most of the dangers incidental to close captivity. But the deer farmer who aims at a complete domestication of his stock will in the end be most successful.

Efforts to introduce deer into new countries have been almost uniformly successful; as, for example, in the case of the axis deer, the red and fallow deer of Europe, the Japanese and Peking "sikas," the Virginia deer, and especially the wapiti, or

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Rocky Mountain elk. Experiments with foreign species offer every promise of success to owners of American preserves, but, for reasons obvious enough, the Government experts recommend our deer farmers to select two native species, the Virginia deer and the elk, both of which are excellently fitted for the production of venison.

From a market point of view, venison is the most important game. Its popularity is so great and the demand for it is so widespread that overproduction is out of the question. The hotels and fashionable restaurants in our large cities often pay $1.50, or even more, a pound for it. Other products of the deer—skins and horns—are of considerable importance commercially, and in countries where the animals are abundant—especially where large herds of them are kept in semi-domestication—the trade in both is very extensive.

The elk, which is the largest of our deer, barring only the moose, was formerly abundant over the greater part of the United States. At the present time it is found only in a few scattered localities outside of the Yellowstone National Park and the mountainous country surrounding that great reservation, where large herds remain. The herds that summer in the park, and which in winter spread southward and eastward in Wyoming, are said to number about thirty thousand head. Though protected, there is great danger that they may perish from lack of food in a succession of severe winters.

There are a good many elk in private game preserves and parks, and in the zoölogical gardens scattered over the country. From these small herds in captivity it ought to be practicable, under wise management, and through intelligent propagation by State and individual enterprise, to restock some of the ranges formerly occupied by this noble animal, incidentally building up a profitable business in the production of elk venison for market.

Though a less prolific breeder than the common deer, the elk makes up for lack of fecundity by superior hardiness and by the ease with which it may be managed. It has been acclimated in many parts of the world and has shown the same vigor and robustness wherever introduced. In Europe it has been successfully crossed with the Altai wapiti and the red deer, and in both instances the offspring were superior in size and general stamina to the native stock. The flesh is superior in flavor to most venison.

There are at present small herds of elk under private ownership in many places in the United States. A desire to preserve this important game animal has inspired attempts to propagate it in captivity, and persons engaged in such experiments seem to be generally of the opinion that the business of raising elk for market could be made remunerative. For example, George W. Russ, of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, who has a herd of thirty-four, states that in his belief elk meat can be produced in many sections of this country at a less cost per pound than beef or mutton.

The elk of the Russ herd range in the forest, which they improve by clearing out part of the thicket. They feed on the buds and leaves up to a height of eight feet. In the clearing of brush, the owner says, they are more useful than goats, because they browse higher; but goats and elk get along well together, and thus do valuable service in preparing land for grasses. Cattle and sheep, also, may be grazed in the same lot with elk, provided that the inclosure is of considerable size. Another point worth mentioning is that the elk is a determined enemy of dogs and wolves, and much feared by them. Says Mr. Russ: "Until we learned this fact we suffered great losses to our flocks, but since then there has been no loss. A few elk in a 1000-acre pasture will absolutely protect the sheep therein. Our own dogs are so well aware of the danger that they cannot be induced to enter the elk park."

If elk will attack and vanquish dogs and coyotes and thus help to protect domestic animals grazing in the same pastures, knowledge of the fact ought to be of great advantage to stockmen. The huge deer readily adapt themselves to almost any environment, and even within the narrow confines of the paddocks of the ordinary zoölogical park they thrive and increase so rapidly that their numbers have to be reduced periodically by sales. Under domestication the increase of elk is equal to that of cattle. The adult male when full-grown weighs from 700 to 1000 pounds.

Alfalfa hay is excellent for elk, with a little oats or corn each day. They are very fond of corn, and the feeding of it affords excellent opportunities for winning the confidence of the animals and taming them. The same may be said of salt, which should be furnished liberally to all deer kept in captivity. As for the inclosure, a five-foot fence of woven wire is quite high enough, costing two hundred dollars a mile. Elk are not disposed to jump such a barrier, and, if they do escape, they will usually return of their own accord.

The cost of stocking an elk farm should not be great. Usually surplus animals may be obtained from zoölogical parks or private preserves for a moderate price, not exceeding fifty dollars perhaps, or at most seventy-five dollars, apiece.

The Virginia, or white-tailed, deer is the common deer of the United States. Its range is so wide as to justify the assumption that it will thrive anywhere in the United States. The general opinion of breeders seems to be that, with suitable range, plenty of good water and reasonable care in winter, the raising of this kind of deer for venison can be made as profitable as any other livestock industry. There is a considerable demand for the animals, also, to stock the estates of wealthy men.

These deer have often been the subject of experiments in domestication, their beauty, especially that of the fawns, appealing to every admirer of wild life. Early settlers in this country soon learned how easily they could be tamed and how quickly they would attach themselves to persons who fed them. Also, they ascertained through experience that they were liable to be dangerous when grown up. Seldom, however, has the breeding of them been undertaken in a systematic way. They are often bred in parks for pleasure, or in large preserves for sport, but their economic possibilities have received little attention.

The Bureau of Mammals and Birds, which is a scientific section of the Department of Agriculture, has reports of success in the raising of Virginia deer from more than a dozen breeders, located in various parts of the United States, who are now regularly engaged in the business. One of them, C. H. Roseberry, of Stella, Missouri, writes: "For the last seven years my herd has averaged seventy per cent. increase, all of which were sold at satisfactory prices. I began selling, at twenty dollars per pair, fawns at four months old, and asked thirty dollars for a pair of adults. Excepting the goat, I know of no domestic animal that requires so little feed and attention."

This kind of deer not only thrives on land unsuited for other domestic animals, but, like the elk, may be raised to great advantage in brushy or timbered pastures fully stocked with cattle or horses. It does not care for grass. While chiefly a browsing animal, in captivity it eats every sort of vegetable food, including garden stuff.

In large private preserves, such as have been established by individual owners, as well as by associations, in many parts of the country, these deer do remarkably well, their increase being very rapid. Under such conditions they lead a free life, while protected against enemies. The possibilities in view where they are propagated as wild game are fairly illustrated by the experience of the Otzinachson Rod and Gun Club, which six years ago placed ninety deer, mostly does, in a four-thousand-acre park in Clinton County, Pennsylvania. They have multiplied to nearly two thousand head, and a further increase of about one thousand fawns is expected during the present season.

The good effect of such preserves on the supply of game in the State is not to be overlooked. While they may temporarily restrict the hunting privileges of a few citizens they ultimately benefit the sportsmen. Already many of the private parks have become overstocked, and deer have escaped or have been turned over to the State, to become the property of the people. The success of private enterprises in propagating large game in inclosures has thus become an object-lesson, suggesting the feasibility of the State's undertaking a similar work for the benefit of the public at large.

In order that deer farming may be profitably pursued as a business, however, it will be necessary that existing laws governing the transportation and sale of game shall be suitably modified. It will not be difficult to establish safeguards against the destruction and sale of wild deer in place of domesticated deer by a system of licensing private parks and of tagging deer or carcasses.

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THE HEART OF GOLIATH

(Continued from Page 11)

mother an' me homesteaded the first quarter-section. . . . See that bunch of box-elders? Me an' her camped there as we druv in. . . . Never cut 'em down. . . . Spoil an acre of good corn land, too; to say nothin' o' the time wasted cultivatin' 'round 'em. . . . Well, a man's a fool about some things!"

It was a picture of fulsome plenty and riotous fertility. Straight as the stretched cord by which they had been dropped ran the soldierly rows of corn, a mile along, their dark blades outstretched in the unwavering prairie wind, as if pointing us on to something noteworthy or mysterious beyond. Back and forth along the rows plodded the heavy teams of the cultivators, stirring the brown earth to a deeper brownness. High fences of woven wire divided the spacious fields. On a hundred-acre meadow, as square and level as a billiard-table, were piled the dark cocks of a second crop of alfalfa. One, two, three farmsteads we passed, each with its white house hidden in trees, its big red barns, its low hog-houses, its feed-yards, with their racks polished by the soft necks of feasting steers. And everywhere was the corn—the golden corn of last year in huge cribs like barracks; the emerald hosts of the new crop in its ranks like green-suited lines-of-battle arrested in full career and held as by some spell, leaning onward in act of marching, every quivering sword pointing mysteriously forward. My heart of a farmer swelled within me at the scene, which had something in it akin to its owner, it was so huge, so opulent, so illimitable. Somehow, it seemed to interpret him to me.

"Purty good little places," said he; "but the home place skins 'em all. We'll be to it in a minute. Train slows up f'r a piece o' new track-work. We'll git a good view of it."

Heaving himself up, he went before me down the aisle of the slowing train. There stood the soldiers on the steps and the platform. We took our places back of them. I was absorbed in the study of the splendid farm, redeemed from the lost wilderness by this man who had all at once become worth while to me. Back at the rear of the near-by fields was a row of lofty cottonwoods, waving their high crests in the steady wind. All about the central grove were pastures, meadows, gardens and orchards. A dense coppice of red cedars inclosed on three sides a big feed-yard, in which, stuffing themselves on corn and alfalfa, or lying in the dusty straw, were grouped a hundred bovine aristocrats in stately unconcern of the rotund Poland-Chinas about them. In the pastures were colts as huge as dray-horses, shaking the earth in their clumsy play. There were barns and barns and barns—capacious red structures, with hay-forks rigged under their projecting gables; and, in the midst of all this foison, stood the house—square, roomy, of red brick, with a broad porch on two sides covered with climbing roses and vines. On this veranda was a thing that looked like a Morris-chair holding a figure clad in khaki. A stooped, slender, white-haired woman hovered about the chair; and down by the track, as if to view the passing train, stood a young woman who was tall and swarthy and of ample proportions. Her dress was artistically adapted to country wear; she looked well-groomed and finished. She was smiling as the train drew slowly past, but I was sure that her eyes were full of tears. I wondered why she looked with such intentness at the platform—until I saw what the soldiers were doing. They stood at attention, their hands to their service hats, stiff, erect, military. The girl returned the salute, and pointed to the chair on the veranda, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and shook her head as if in apology for the man in khaki. And while she stood thus the man in khaki leaned forward in the Morris-chair, laid hold of the column of the veranda, pulled himself to his feet, staggered forward a step, balanced himself as if with difficulty, and—saluted.

The soldiers on the platform swung their hats and cheered, and I joined in the cheer. One of the good fellows wiped his eyes. The big farmer stood partly inside the door, effectually blocking it, and quite out of the girl's sight, looking on, as impassive as a cliff. The pretty young woman picked up a parcel—the offering—which one of the soldiers tossed to her feet, looked after us smiling and waving her handkerchief, and ran back toward the house. The train picked up speed and whisked us out of sight just as the khaki man sank back into the chair, eased down by the woman with the white hair. I seemed to have seen a death.

"That was mother," said the man of the broad farms, as we resumed our seats—"mother and Jack . . . jest as it always hes been. . . . Al'ays mother's boy. . . . The soldiers comin' from the war al'ays stand on the platform as they go by—if they's room enough—with their fingers to their hats in that fool way. . . . All seem to know where Jack is, someway, no matter what rig'ment they belong to. . . . Humph!

"It's something he done in the Philippines . . . in the islands. . . . I don't know where they are. . . . Off Spain way, I guess. . . . They's a kind of yellow nigger there, an' Jack seemed to do well fightin' 'em. . . . They're little fellers something like his size, you know. . . . Some high officer ordered him to take a nigger king on an island once; an' as I understand it, the niggers was too many f'r his gang o' soldiers. So Jack went alone an' took him right out of his own camp. . . . I reckon any one could 'a' done the same thing with Uncle Sam backin' him; but the President, 'r Congress, 'r the Secretaryof War thought it was quite a trick. . . . I s'pose Jack's shootin' a nigger officer right under the king's nose made it a better grandstand play. . . . Anyhow, Jack went out a private, an' come back a captain; an' every soldier that rides these cars salutes as the passes the house, whuther Jack's in sight 'r not. . . . Funny! . . . All kinds o' folks to make a world!"

"Then," said I, for I knew the story, of course, when he mentioned the circumstances, "your son Jack is Captain John Hawes?"

He nodded slowly, without looking at me.

"And that beautiful, strong girl?" I inquired.

"Jack's wife," said he. "All right to look at, ain't she? Lived in New York . . . 'r Boston, I f'rgit which. . . . Folks well fixed. . . . Met Jack in Sanfrisco an' married him when he couldn't lift his hand to his head. . . . She'd make a good farm woman. . . . Good stuff in her. . . . What ails him? Some kind o' poison that was in the knife the nigger soaked him with when he took that there king . . . stabbed Jack jest before Jack shot. . . . Foolish to let him git in so clost; but Jack never hed no decision. . . . Al'ays whifflin' around. . . . If he pulls through, though, that girl'll make a man of him if anything kin. . . . She thinks he's all right now . . . proud of him as Chloe of a yaller dress. . . . Went to Sanfrisco when he was broke an' dyin', they thought, an' all that, an' begged him as an honor to let her bear his name an' nuss him. . . . An' she knew how wuthless he was before the war, an' throwed him over. . . . Sensible girl . . . then . . . I——"

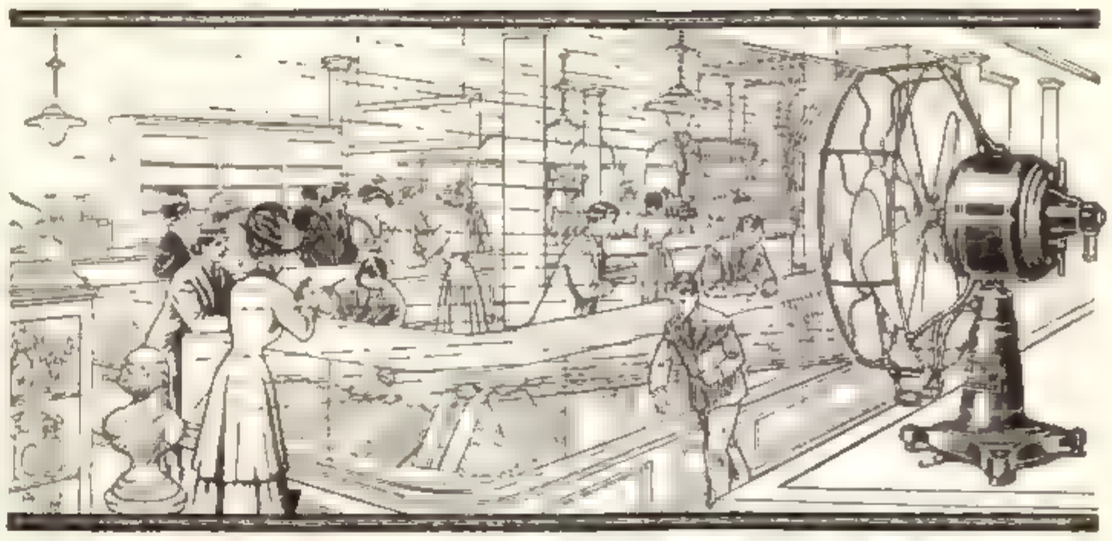
He was gazing at nothing again, and I thought the story ended, when he began on an entirely new subject, as it seemed to me, until the relation appeared.

"Religion," said he, "is something I don't take no stock in, an' never did. . . . Religious folks don't seem any better than the rest. . . . But mother al'ays set a heap by religion. . . . I al'ays paid my dues in the church an' called it square. . . . May be something in it f'r some, but not f'r me. . . . I got to hev something I can git a-holt of . . . Al'ays looked a good deal like graft to me, . . . but I pay as much as any one in the congregation, an' maybe a leetle more—it pleases mother. . . . An' so does Jack's gittin' religion. . . . Got it, all right. . . . Pleases mother, too. . . . Immense! . . . But I don't take no stock in it.

"The doc says he's bad off."

I had not asked the question; but he seemed to feel a necessary inquiry in the tableau I had seen.

"He used to come down to the track when he first got back an' perform that fool trick with his hand to his hat when the



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soldiers went by an' they let him know. . . . Too weak now; . . . failin'. . . . Girl's al'ays there, though, when she knows. . . . Kind o' hope he'll—he'll—he'll . . . You know, neighbor, from what she's done f'r him, how mother must love him!"

We had come to the end of his journey, now—a little country station—and he left the train without a word to me or a backward look, his huge hat drawn down over his eyes. I felt that I had seen a curious, dark, dramatic, badly-drawn, wildly-conceived and Dantesque painting. He climbed into a carriage which stood by the platform, and to which was harnessed a pair of magnificent coach-bred horses which plunged and reared fearfully as the train swept into the station, and were held, easily and by main strength, like dogs or sheep, by a giant in the conveyance, who must have been Tom or Wallace. From time to time, the steeds gathered their feet together, trampled the earth in terror, and then surged on the bits. The giant never deigned even to look at them. He held the lines, stiff as iron straps, in one hand, took his father's bag in the other, threw the big horses to the right by a cruel wrench of the lines to make room for his father to climb in, which he did without a word. As the springs went down under the weight the horses dashed away like the wind, the young man guiding them by that iron right hand with facile horsemanship, and looking, not at the road, but at his father. As they passed out of sight the father of Captain Hawes turned, looked at me, and waved his hand. I thought I had seen him for the last time, and went back to get the story from the soldiers.

"It wasn't so much the way he brought the datto into camp," said one of them, "or the way he always worked his way to the last bally front peak of the fighting line. It takes a guy with guts to do them things; but that goes with the game—understand? But he knew more'n anybody in the regiment about keepin' well. He made the boys take care of themselves. When a man is layin' awake scheming to keep the men busy and healthy, there's always a job for him. . . . And he had a way of making the boys keep their promises. . . . And he's come home to die, and leave that girl of his—and all the chances he's had in a business way if he wants to leave the army! It don't seem right! The boys say the President has invited him to lunch; and he's got sugar-plantation and minin' jobs open to him till you can't rest. . . . An' to be done by a cussed poison Moro kris! But he got Mr. Moro—played even; an' that's as good as a man can ask, I guess. Hell, how slow this train goes!"

As I have said, I never expected to see my big farmer again; but I did. I completed my business, returned the way I came, passed the great farm after dusk, and the next morning was in the city where I first saw him. Looking ahead as I passed along the street I noticed, towering above every form, and moving in the press like a three-horse van among baby-carriages, the vast bulk of the captain's father. He turned aside into a marble-cutter's yard, and stood, looking at the memorial monuments which quite filled it until it looked like a cemetery vastly over-planted. I felt disposed to renew our acquaintance, and spoke to him. He offered me his hand, and when I accepted it he stood clinging to mine, standing a little stooped, the eyes bloodshot, the iron mouth pitifully drooped at the corners, the whole man reminding me of a towering cliff shaken by an earthquake, but mighty and imposing still. He held a paper in his free hand, which he examined closely while retaining the handclasp, and, in a way I had begun to expect of him, he commenced in the midst of his thought and without verbal salutation.

"We've buried Jack!" said he.

"I'm deeply sorry!" said I.

"Well," said he, "maybe it's just as well. . . . He was . . . you know! . . . But mother takes it hard—hard! . . . I'm contractin' f'r a tombstun. . . . He wanted to see me . . . at the last. . . . 'Dad,' says he, jest as he used to when he was . . . was a little feller, . . . 'I want you to forgive me before I die. . . . It's a big country ,where I'm going, . . . an' . . . you an' I may never run into each other—so forgive me! Mother'll find me—wherever I go . . . but you, Dad, . . . for fear it's our last chance, let's square up now!' . . . I . . . I . . . "

He went out among the stones and seemed to be looking the stock over. Presently, he returned and showed me the paper. It was what a printer would call "copy" for an inscription—the name, the dates, the age of Captain John Hawes—severe, laconic. At the bottom were two or three lines scrawled in a heavy, ponderous hand, with the half-inch lead of a lumber pencil. Only one fist could produce that Polyphemus chirography.

"*He went out a private*," it read, "*and came back a captain.*" And then, as if by afterthought, and in huge capitals, came the line:

"AND DIED A CHRISTIAN."

"Is that all right?" he asked. "Is the spellin' all right? . . . I don't care much about this soldier business . . . an' the Christian game . . . don't interest me . . . a little bit, . . . but, neighbor, you don't know how that'll please mother! 'Died a Christian!' . . . Someway . . . mother . . . always loved Jack!"

At the turning of the street I looked and saw the last scene of the drama—one that will play itself before me from time to time in retrospect forever. The great, unhewn, mountainous block was still there, standing among his more shapely and polished brother stones, a human monolith, the poor, pitiful paper in his trembling hand.

NUMBER 9009

(Continued from Page 9)

jaw, the ugly lines from ends of nostrils to corners of mouth; but, even then, it was an attitude almost of prayer.

He was gazing, past the bars, on and up through a little window near the ceiling of the cell-house, at a patch of sky. It was a little patch, irregularly framed by the top and right side of his cell-door and the sill and left side of the window, and slashed angularly by the roof of a near building; and exactly where he sat it showed a bit larger than it did from any other place in the cell. It was blue, a very tender blue; when 9009 stared at it hard the faint taint in the air of the cell-house, with its added Sunday reek of chloride of lime, left him, and he seemed to breathe again that heavy, warm and sweet air which was rolling over the wall into the prison-yard. He sat on the stool, back bent (with his head low he could see more of the blue), his hands hanging between his knees, his face turned upward; gradually his lips loosened, his heavy jaw dropped, and in his eyes, turned upward in an attitude, almost, of prayer, there came slowly an expression of longing.

It was very still in the cell-house. At times, as if from far off, there came the attenuated tumult of the yard; in the air was the taint, and the added Sunday reek of chloride of lime. But 9009 was unconscious of this. He looked. Bowed on his seat, he looked up with loose lips and troubled eyes at the little patch of blue sky. After a while a film seemed to creep into it. Gradually this deepened into a whitish opalescence. It was a cloud; 9009 fancied it was the cloud that he had seen earlier in the day, when in the yard. He cast his eyes down to play with it again, to play the receding and approaching game of hide-and-go-seek." When he looked up again the cloud was gone. It had been a very little cloud. And the blue was again there—the fresh, tender blue.

A step sounded along the corridor; a shadow cut off the light; 9009 glanced levelly across the bars. Jennings was standing there, looking at him.

He looked at 9009 curiously, a long moment, then looked up at the window, far above. He glanced back into the cell, then, turning his back, shifted his position a foot. The patch of blue disappeared.

No. 9009 remained where he was; his lips were no longer loose, his jaw did not droop, and the expression in his eyes was not of longing. The guard stood there, motionless; his back, square and brutal, rose like a wall before the cell door.

For a long time they were thus. Occasionally, from the yard outside, there came whoops, cries of animal enjoyment; and again in the air was the taint, the taint

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from many cages near by. The afternoon waned, dusk came, the convicts returned, and then Jennings spoke.

"I'm going to break you," he said; then turned on his heel and strode off down the corridor.

On the next Sunday 9009 was again denied his pass, and the window, which had been whitewashed during the week, was closed, cutting off the little patch of blue. After that 9009 ceased to ask for his pass; he spent his Sunday afternoons on his back, staring up at the bunk above him.

Sometimes his cell-mate, the little black-faced, spike-haired man, returning from the yard, turned upon him his inflamed eyes with a strange look, almost of wistfulness, as though he wanted to speak; but 9009 mastered a desire to break their silence, and lay, without a word, staring upward sullenly.

VIII

GRIPPING two bars of his cell-door, 9009 shook the steel till the rattle went resounding down the corridor in harsh crescendo.

"Here, you, up there in 17, be quiet, or I'll throw you into the dungeon!"

The voice of the night guard came up through the shadows; it had the tone of one who is irritated by a common annoyance. No. 9009 stepped back and threw himself on his bunk. "What's got into me, anyhow?" he whispered up to his cell-mate in the bunk above him.

They had arrived by this time to a certain degree of confidence. This had begun one day when, as 9009 was returning, grim and sullen, from his third short term in the dungeon, the little black-faced, spike-haired man had drawn from his blouse two pieces of bread that he had stolen from the dining-room, and had handed them to him without a word

"What's got into me?" whispered 9009. "Am I going nuts?"

"I used to get that way," wheezed back the little man from the darkness above; "lots does it; it's spells comes on you."

No. 9009 stretched himself out and took hold of the sides of his bunk. He was afraid. He had caught himself at this sort of thing before; he feared this new impulse which crouched within him now always, hiding stealthily for days to spring out without warning and contort his sinews to action. Two or three times it had roused within him suddenly as, marching in the lock-step line, he stole a look up at the guard on the wall, pacing with his gun loose in hand, like a hunter' it had bidden him rush for the wall. Twice in the jute-mill, with Jennings behind him, it had told him to turn upon the sallow guard and so loudly, so commandingly had it ordered, that he had almost obeyed before taking other thought. And this time, when at the sound of the guard's voice he had found himself with hands knotted about his bars, he knew that again the thing had taken possession of him, convulsing his being.

It came always strongest after a period of strange, half-delicious insomnia, during which his mind left him and wandered through the world outside the walls. These periods came often, and lasted sometimes as long as a week. Every night, then, leaving his body tossing, hot, on the narrow bunk in the steel cell, his mind, leaping the walls, flitted from place to place in the wide, open world. Dawn saw him always haggard after one of these nights of semi-freedom, and within him the impulse would be crouching, stealthy, waiting to trap him to action. He watched against it incessantly, but a huge irritation vibrated along his nerves.

The whole atmosphere about him, anyhow, now held a suppressed excitement. He had felt it at first as an indefinable thing, a vague restlessness. Then he had become conscious of a subtle change in the routine about him. After days of close observation he had been able to place this.

Every morning, now, at cleaning time, as striped men with brooms and creaking buckets passed along the corridors or massed by the sinks, gibing cruelly or sliding lipless words from dead faces, four convicts would gather, heads close together, for a few moments. Each morning the same four, in the same apparently accidental manner, came together near the sinks and conferred for a few moments, saying little, and most of that with their lid-hidden eyes, swiftly

No. 9009 had marked these men. One was Miller, the red-striped highwayman who was catching in the ball game the day that 9009 had been denied his pass. He was a big, gaunt man with a neck made crooked by a gunshot scar; he had made several attempts at escape in the past, and had a mania for giving away his clothes before each of such breaks. The second man was the ferret-eyed, wiry pickpocket who had played short-stop; the third was one of the bullet-headed burglars who had been boxing, and the fourth was Nichols, the stony-faced confidence-man who had umpired the game.

When these four talked their speech was different from that of the others. It held purpose. When no guard was near it was tense and hurried; and when guard, trusty or ordinary convict approached, it sprang up into spasms of argument or rough laughter. The arguments were too vibrant and the laughter was too loud. In these stolen conferences Nichols, the stony-faced confidence-man, seemed to be leader.

"Here, you, up in 17; try that again and I'll chuck you into the dungeon!"

The voice of the guard came up through the shadow, and 9009 again found himself with hands knotted about bars, while down the corridor came still the echo of rattling steel.

He threw himself back upon his bunk, and stretched himself flat, taking hold of the rods at the sides. "Pard," he whispered, "I *am* going nuts."

"It's just spells," came back the pacifying wheeze from above; "just spells; we all have 'em."

No. 9009 lay on his back, staring up into the darkness. Above him, at regular intervals, drearily, there sounded a dry, weary coughing.

"What makes you cough so—so hard and drylike?" he asked at length. He had asked this several times before, and knew; but now, suddenly, he wanted to talk.

"'Tis the emery dust a-cutting away me lungs," the answer returned from the darkness

"It's worse every day," went on 9009.

There was a silence; then words floated down again. "It keeps ye awake nights?" said the invisible cell-mate meekly.

"I guess. Yes ——" No. 9009 kicked at his blanket viciously.

They were quiet for a time. A guard hissed by in his rubber shoes along the gangway.

"You ought to kick," 9009 began again. "I'd roar till somebody heard."

Two words fell back through the darkness. "No use."

"Why don't you go to the hospital?"

"Can't."

They were silent for a long time. The darkness lay upon them like a heavy vapor, lay upon the strong man in the lower bunk, tortured with twitching nerves, upon the little man above, nauseated with weakness; it lay upon them, heavy, tainted, without mercy, turned from the sweet poppy-consoler to a hostile, sullen power keeping them awake to their torments. And the little man began to cough, a long, dreary fit that seemed to have no end.

When it did terminate 9009 let out a big breath; he found that he had held it all through the time that his mate was coughing. He lay silent a while longer, then, hesitatingly, "C'n I—help you—anyways?" he asked.

The response was slow in coming; then it dropped down softly. "Ye're the first man as ever asked me that in this hell-hole," said the little cell-mate.

They were quiet again, long. No. 9009 had thrown off his blanket and lay still. But the darkness now was less heavy upon him; between the two bunks it seemed to have become less opaque, to have parted a bit to let through a softness.

"Ye can't help me," began the voice above again; "ye can't; nobody can't. I'm up against the push. It's this way:

"I left this hell-hole once, left it on parole, and I got throwed back. I got throwed back. Fer why? Fer why did I get throwed back? What do ye think? Fer stealin'? Fer killin'? Fer snuffing a gofe? Fer cookin' a bull? Guess why. Fer why did I get throwed back?"

The voice had risen clear now, pitched thin like a penny whistle; the questions dropped upon 9009 fiercely insistent. He lay silent, waiting, and at length the questioner, whom he could feel leaning out of his bunk above him, answered himself.

"I got throwed back in this hell-hole," he said, "fer marrying. Yes," he repeated drearily, "fer marrying

"Ye see, I was doing ten years" the words, long repressed, now came flowing one upon the other tumultuously—"I was doing my ten spot and had five done already; and I got hold of religion. Oh, 'twas on the square, all right. I know now it's all rot, but I was on the square then. I was psalm-singing, and they got me paroled ——

"It's a fine thing, that parole business. If ye've got a bad friend in the world, he's got ye. Every man has ye foul. Did you ever read the rules for paroled cons? Ye can't breathe the wrong way, or back ye go. Ye're a con just the same. And the whole outside is yer prison. And every citizen is a stool-pigeon a-watching to tell on ye.

"Well, I'd made bad friends in the pen. Wan was yer friend Jennings" (9009, in the darkness below, exploded in an oath); "t'other was that cat-faced trusty of the captain's office, Wilson" (9009 swore again and spit out of his bunk). "The two was just starting the dope ring—selling opium to the cons. I was a trusty, a-tending the cells. They needed the cell-tenders to peddle the dope to the cons, an' they thought I was just the man fer that because I was playing smooth in the chapel. But I was on the square about that chapel business. I wouldn't stand fer their graft. And so they tried to job me, but my friends on the outside who'd got me religion, they beat them to it and got me paroled.

"Well, I learned all about that parole snap in short order. The first month I was in the city I got pinched six times by the perlice for jobs I didn't know nothing about. Every time a bull or detective passed me he pinched me fer luck; and between them and their stool-pigeons I was ready to jump out of the State. But then I got to the Whosoever Will Mission, where they take in ex-cons. They treated me good, and I lived wit' them. And then ——

"I met a girl there."

No. 9009 thought of Nell, and swiftly, as usual, he put the thought from him.

"I met a girl there. She'd turned straight. Ye know that kind: if they turn square, and it's on the square wit' them, they're so straight all hell couldn't touch them. Well, that was her. A slip of a girl, and she was nursing and working in the mission. They had a sort of hospital for broken-down bums and she was taking care of them old whisky soaks. Well, we got stuck, and we didn't give a cuss for them parole rules; and the mission people, they thought it'd be all right, and we got married ——

"A con can't get married, and a con on parole is a con. Jennings, he came down to the city on his vacation and seen the marriage license in the paper. We'd been married wan day when they pinched me.

"They throwed me back here and put me in the foundry at the emery wheel, and the emery wheel is a-cuttin' away me lungs. Jennings, he fixes the jobs; he's a-gettin' back at me."

The voice in the darkness above stopped. A long, dreary fit of coughing followed. No. 9009, lying on his back, straining his eyes, thought of Nell, and put the thought out of his mind. "What's become of her?" he asked curiously—"of the girl you got stuck on and married?"

"Oh," came back the cell-mate's voice, and all the shrill strength was out of it, and it fell down heavy as lead—"Oh, she's cut out religion—gone back to hell!"

They sank into a final silence, and again the darkness drew about them, crushing, tainted, without mercy. Above, the little man coughed, drearily, endlessly; below, the strong man twitched to the torture of his nerves; and to their ears, uncouth and fantastic, there came the breathing of the prison.

And after a while, like a kindness, sleep enwrapped the upper bunk. And, in the lower, 9009 felt slowly his mind leave his tossing body to wander over the walls, in the free, wide world. He lay there in semi-ecstatic insomnia; his senses were drugged. Suddenly they awoke to a tapping.

They awoke and were immediately alert. From a cell down the corridor there came a tapping, a soft tapping, faint and insistent:

"Tap-tap (pause); tap-tap (long pause); tap-tap-tap-tap-tap (pause); tap (long pause); tap-tap-tap (pause); tap-tap-tap-tap (long pause); tap-tap"—it stopped.

And immediately, from another cell, alert, tense and affirmative: "Tap-tap; tap-tap; tap-tap."

Then, again from the first cell, very softly, but with insistence, the first call.

It broke off short, to 9009 came again the prison's uncouth breathing; then, shadowy, a guard passed along the cells, hissing in his rubber shoes.

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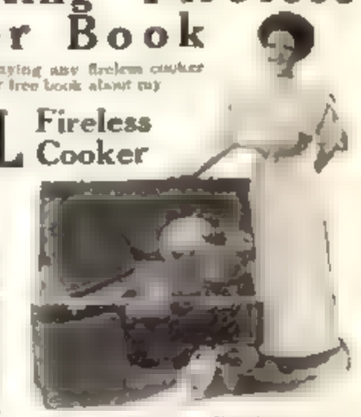

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When 9009 awoke he found himself up against his cell-door, his hands knotted about the vibrating bars; and from the depths of the corridor there came to him the harsh echo of rattling steel.

IX

AT THE crash of the morning gong, 9009, haggard with the night, stepped out of his cell, now unlocked for him. One by one the other cells were opening, and the convicts were pouring out upon the gangway, holding brooms and creaking buckets. As he stood by the sinks, 9009 watched the convicts narrowly; but this morning Miller, the pickpocket, the burglar and Nichols, the confidence-man, did not meet as usual.

But when, to the second clang of the gong, 9009 stood with his mate in front of his cell to take his place in the line, now silently forming for its march to the dining-hall, he felt suddenly his heart leap up into his throat. A few places ahead of him were Miller, the pickpocket, the burglar and the confidence-man. They did not belong there, and they did not belong together. Each convict was supposed to take his place in line by standing in front of his own cell; their proper places were somewhere near the middle of the line, and apart from one another. But here they now stood before 9009, close to the head of the line, and together—Miller, the pickpocket, the burglar and Nichols, in this order. And their heads were bowed toward the floor in involuntary attitudes of deprecation; and from their faces oozed a slanting expression that recalled to 9009 the red-striped convict of the jute-mill waiting at his loom for the garroter.

The guard in charge—a grizzled old blue-eyed fellow who had lived most of his life in prison—wearily saw the line formed, then shuffled on his rheumatic legs to the door at the foot of the corridor. He opened it, and the line began to flow slowly through it into the outer corridor. Leaning against the wall he let it crawl by till its head was half-way down the long, narrow gut, then walked on along its side, briskly, to intercept it at the second door, a steel-barred gate. There he would stand till the line was well massed, and then, unlocking the gate, would let it crawl out into the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall. No. 9009 watched him as he went along the line with forced briskness upon legs dragging a bit with the prison rheumatism.

But he never reached the door. Passing along the line, he stopped suddenly with a swift look of surprise; he had noted Miller, the pickpocket, the burglar and the confidence-man together there near the head, out of their places. The look of surprise flowed instantly into one of suspicion—then his blue eyes gleamed bravely as he turned, at bay. Red-striped Miller had rushed upon him.

The lank highwayman's arms shot out, and his fingers, working, clutched for the guard's throat; but the old man, stepping back toward the wall, struck him as he came, full and fair upon the snarling mouth. For a flash the guard was clear; then the pickpocket glided out of the line.

The lithe little felon was half-doubled, his ferret face atwitch with fierce excitement; he swerved to the left, past Miller, and around the side of the guard as the latter struck out for the second time. He threw out his right arm and at the same time raised his right knee. The arm whipped around the guard's neck like a snake; the knee thumped against the small of the guard's back. The gray head snapped backward, the eyes bulging; for the fraction of a second the body arched itself, still up, then broke and slapped the floor.

Two trusties were coming on the run; the burglar, still in line, pivoted like a mad top on one heel, his right leg held out horizontally; there was a thud, and the first trusty crumpled with a gasping hiccough. The burglar's right hand went to his trouser band, then flashed up—and the second trusty threw himself face down upon the floor. A gasp went through the petrified line—the burglar held in his right hand a heavy black revolver. Miller's hand went to his waist-band in a swift fumble; it rose; it also held a heavy black revolver. Then the line dissolved in a chaos of fleeing convicts.

They avalanched past 9009 with pounding feet, as he stood, rooted, on the threshold of the door between the two corridors, and glancing over his shoulder he saw them pop into their cells like rabbits into their holes. But three of the convicts, besides Miller, the pickpocket, the burglar and the confidence-man, had stayed; and now these three, like wild beasts, were hurling themselves against the bars of the outer gate. Miller sprang upon the guard, lying on the concrete floor, still entwined by the pickpocket. He raised his heavy revolver and he struck the gray head once, twice, thrice—and stupidly 9009 noted that the blows thudded not as the revolver fell, but as it rose. A red patch masked the guard's face slowly. The pickpocket, twitching as a fox-terrier above a squirrel-hole, was fumbling madly about the limp, blue heap. Suddenly his hand rose, triumphant, holding a great steel key. He leaped to his feet and, bent low, slid like a streak of fire to the outer door. Miller followed him. The burglar remained over the two prostrate trusties, swinging his revolver from side to side. The confidence-man, tiptoeing backward, was coming slowly toward 9009.

He was crouching in the doorway between the two corridors, face forward, his sinews aching with the contagion of action, but his big knotted hands were pressed hard, white-knuckled, upon the sides of the doorway, and "The copper, the copper," he was murmuring. A shout came to him from behind. He threw a glance over his shoulder; he had a fleeting glimpse of his cell-mate's black face peering at him out of his cell with a shocked expression; and, farther down, Shorty Hayes, the shock-headed little safe-cracker, was also looking at him out of his cell, his face all agape with a queer, sneering laughter. His eyes plunged ahead again into the outer corridor. Nichols was slowly nearing him, still walking backward, on tiptoe. Suddenly his hand rose; a shot cracked close; a hot spark of powder stung 9009's cheek; the burglar seemed to sink out of sight, and the confidence-man, bending, passed beneath 9009's outstretched arms and ran into the inner corridor, holding a weapon that smoked. Through the slight haze 9009 still peered forward. He could see the burglar again now, sprawled upon the floor, kicking his striped legs grotesquely. The three convicts had ceased tearing at the gate; they were crouching now at the foot of its bars, all atwitch, while Miller and the pickpocket bent at the lock, muttering horrible curses. The red-striped highwayman glanced over his shoulder; his lips, drawn back, showed a row of long, yellow teeth. The clang of a working lock resounded. The three at the foot of the bars writhed in an agony of impatience. No. 9009, without knowing it, was moving down the corridor now, stalking, bent low, step by step, and his outspread hands slid along the walls at either side.

A hard little paw fell upon his left hand; a voice sounded in his ear: "Come back, come back," it said. He turned. It was his cell-mate; he was looking up at him humbly, beseechingly, out of his inflamed eyes, with their red-drooping lower lids. The lock clanged again; 9009 turned with a spasm to the corridor. At its end the door swung open; the five felons shot through it; 9009 saw their galloping backs rise and fall as those of jockeys at a race.

Then he straightened to his full height, swung his right arm across his cell-mate's jaw, and with the roar of a bull charged down the corridor.

Right away he had to leap. He had to leap the gray-haired guard, looking upward with his scarlet-masked face; to leap the burglar, still gesticulating jerkily with his long, striped legs; a trusty, doubled up, coughing; another, paralyzed with fear. He leaped like a lean greyhound, he sped through the outer door, a ray of sun struck him hot on the cheek, he whipped around the corner into the wall-bound yard, he took three great strides—and stopped, facing six black disks.

They were gazing at him, round, swinging slowly from side to side, like the eyes of oxen, in a half-circle converged upon him. After a while, behind the six black disks, he saw six dull-gleaming rifle-barrels; then, behind the six dull-gleaming rifle-barrels, six brown stocks; then, beside each stock, pressed close, a face, set, stonelike, and an eye, like a slit.

He stood there with drooping jaw, his arms limp along his sides, while six blue-clad guards, each silent as a carven thing, aimed carefully at his breast, each with his index finger upon his rifle-trigger.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in four parts, of which this is the second.

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THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 13

"For it is true, Garry, that I love our little Shiela with all my aged, priggish and prejudiced heart, and I should simply expire if your happiness, which is bound up in her, should be threatened by any meddling of mine.

"Jim Wayward and I discuss the matter every day; I don't know what he thinks - he's so obstinate some days—and sometimes he is irritable when Gussie Vetchen and Cuyp talk *too* inanely—bless their hearts! I really don't know what I shall do with James Wayward. What would you suggest?"

On the heels of this letter went another:

"Garry, dear, read this, and then make up your mind whether to come here or not.

"This morning I was sitting on the Cardrosses' terrace, knitting a red four-in-hand for Mr. Wayward—he is *too* snuffy in his browns and grays!—and Mrs. Cardross was knitting one for Neville, and Cecile was knitting one for Heaven knows whom, and Shiela, swinging her polo-mallet, sat waiting for her pony—the cunning little thing in her boots and breeches!—I mean the girl, not the pony, dear. Oh, my, I'm getting involved, and you're hurrying through this scrawl, perfectly furious, trying to find out what I'm talking about.

"Well, then, I forgot for a moment that Shiela was there within earshot, and, eyes on my knitting, I began talking about you to Mrs. Cardross. I had been gossiping away quite innocently for almost a minute when I chanced to look up and notice the peculiar expressions of Mrs. Cardross and Cecile. They weren't looking at me; they were watching Shiela, who had slipped down from the parapet where she had been perched and now stood beside my chair, listening

"I hesitated, faltered, but did not make the mistake of stopping or changing the subject, but went on gayly telling about your work on the new Long Island park system.

"And as long as I talked she remained motionless beside me. They brought around her pony—a new one—but she did not stir.

"Her mother and sister continued their knitting, asking questions about you now and then, apparently taking no notice of her. My monologue in praise of you became a triangular discussion; and all the while the pony was cutting up the marl drive with impatience, and Shiela never stirred.

"Then Cecile said to me quite naturally: 'I wish Garry were here.' And, looking up at Shiela, she added: 'Don't you?'

"For a second or two there was absolute silence; and then Shiela said to me:

"'Does he know I have been ill?'

"'Of course,' I said, 'and he knows that you are now perfectly well.'

"She turned slowly to her mother: 'Am I?' she asked.

"'What, dear?'

"'Perfectly well.'

"'Certainly,' replied her mother, laughing: 'well enough to break your neck on that horrid jigging little pony. If Garry wants to see you alive he'd better come pretty soon ——"

"'Come *here*?'

"We all looked up at her Oh, Garry! For a moment something came into her eyes that I never want to see there again - and, please God, never shall!- a momentary light like a pale afterglow of terror.

"It went as it came; and the color returned to her face.

"'Is he coming here?' she asked calmly.

"'Yes,' I made bold to say.

"'When?'

"'In a few days, I hope.'

"She said nothing more about you, nor did I. A moment later she sent away her pony and went indoors.

"After luncheon I found her lying in the hammock in the *patio*, eyes closed as though asleep. She lay there all the afternoon—an unusual thing for her.

"Toward sundown, as I was entering my chair to go back to the hotel, she came out and stood beside the chair, looking at me as though she was trying to say something. I don't know what it might have been, for she never said it, but she bent down and laid her cheek against mine and drew my head around, searching my eyes.

"I don't know whether I was right or wrong, but I said: 'There is no one to compare with you, Shiela, in your new incarnation of health and youth. I never before knew you; I don't think you have ever before known yourself.'

"'Not entirely,' she said.

"'Do you now?'

"'I think so. . . . May I ask you something?'

"I nodded, smiling.

"'Then—there is only one thing I care for now—to'—she looked up toward the house—'to make them contented—to make up to them what I can for—for all that I failed in. Do you understand?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'you sweet thing.' And gave her a little hug, adding: 'And that's why I'm going to write a letter to-night—at your mother's desire—and my own.'

"She said nothing more; my chair rolled away, and here's the letter that I told her I meant to write.

"Now, dear, come if you think best. I don't know of any reason why you should not come; if you know of any you must act on your own responsibility.

"Last winter, believing that she cared for you, I did an extraordinary thing—in fact, I intimated to her that it was agreeable for me to believe you cared for each other. And she told me very sweetly that I was in error.

"So I'm not going to place Constance Palliser in such a position again. If there's any chance of her caring for you you ought to know it and act accordingly. Personally I think there is and that you should take that chance and take it now. But, for goodness' sake, don't take my advice. I'm a perfect fool to meddle this way; besides, I'm having troubles of my own which you know nothing about.

"Oh, Garry, dear, if you'll come down I may perhaps have something very, very foolish to tell you.

"Truly there is no idiot like an old one, but—I'm close, I think, to being happier than I ever was in all my life. God help us both, my dear, dear boy.

"Your faithful

"CONSTANCE."

CHAPTER XXXI

TWO days later, as his pretty aunt stood in her chamber shaking out the chestnut masses of her hair before her mirror, an impatient rapping at the living-room door sent her maid flying.

"That's Garry," said Constance, calmly belting in her chamber-robe of silk and twisting up her hair into one heavy, lustrous knot.

A moment later they had exchanged salutes and, holding both his hands in hers, she stood looking at him, golden brown eyes very tender, cheeks becomingly pink.

"That miserable train is early; it happens once in a century. I meant to meet you, dear."

"Wayward met me at the station," he said.

There was a silence; under his curious and significant gaze she flushed, then laughed.

"Wayward said that you had something to tell me," he added. . . . "Constance, is it ——"

"Yes."

"You darling!" he whispered, taking her into his arms. And she laid her face on his shoulder, crying a little, laughing a little

"After all these years, Garry—all these years! It is a long time to—to care for a man—a long, long time. . . . But there never was any other—not even through that dreadful period ——"

"I know."

"Yes, you know. . . . I have cared for him since I was a little girl."

They stood a while talking tenderly, intimately of her new happiness and of the new man, Wayward.

Both knew that he must bear his scars forever, that youth had died in him. But they were very confident and happy standing there together in the sunlight which poured into the room, transfiguring her. And she truly seemed as lovely, radiant and youthful as her own young heart, unsullied, innocent, now, as when it yielded its first love, so long ago, amid the rosewood and brocades of the old-time parlor where the sun fell across the faded roses of the carpet.

"I knew it was so from the way he shook hands," said Hamil, smiling. "How well

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he looks, Constance! And as for you—you are a real beauty!"

"You *don't* think so! But say it, Garry. . . . And now I think I had better retire and complete this unceremonious toilet. . . . And you may stroll over to pay your respects to Mrs. Cardross in the mean time if you choose."

He looked at her gravely. She nodded. "They all know you are due to-day."

"Shiela?"

"Yes. . . . Be careful, Garry; she is very young, after all. . . . I think — if I were you—I would not even seem conscious that she had been ill—that anything had happened to interrupt your friendship. She is very sensitive, very deeply sensible of the dreadful mistake she made, and, somehow, I think she is a little afraid of you, as though you might possibly think less of her—Heaven knows what ideas the young conjure to worry themselves and those they care for!"

She laughed, kissed him and bowed him out; and he went away to bathe and change into cool clothing of white serge.

Later, as he passed through the gardens, a white oleander blossom fell, and he picked it up and drew it through his coat.

Every breath he drew was quickening his pulses with the sense of home-coming; he saw the red-bellied woodpeckers sticking like shreds of checked gingham to the trees, turning their pointed heads incuriously as he passed; the welling notes of a wren bubbled upward through the sunshot azure; high in the vault above an eagle was passing seaward, silver of tail and crest, winged with bronze; and everywhere on every side glittered the gold-and-saffron dragon-flies of the South like the play of sunbeams on a green lagoon.

Under the sapodilla trees on the lawn two aged, white-clad negro servants were gathering fruit forbidden them; and at sight of him two wrinkled black hands furtively wiped two furrowed faces free from incriminating evidence, two solemn pairs of eyes rolled piously in his direction.

"Mohnin', suh, Mistuh Hamil."

"Good-morning, Jonas; good-morning, Archimedes. Mr. Cardross is in the orange grove, I see."

And, smiling, passed the guilty ones with a humorously threatening shake of his head.

A black boy, grinning, opened the gate; the quick-stepping figure in white flannels glanced around at the click of the latch.

"Hamil! Good work! I am glad to see you!"—his firm, sunburnt hands closing over Hamil's—"glad all through!"

"Not so glad as I am, Mr. Cardross——"

"Yes, I am. Why didn't you come before? The weather has been heavenly; everybody wanted you——"

"*Everybody?*"

"Yes—yes, of course! . . . Well, look here, Hamil, I've no authority to discuss that matter; but her mother, I think, has made matters clear to her—concerning our personal wishes—ah—hum—is that what you're driving at?"

"Yes. . . . May I ask her? I came here to ask her."

"We all know that," said Cardross naïvely. "Your aunt is a very fine woman, Hamil. . . . I don't see why you shouldn't tell Shiela anything you want to. We all wish it."

"Thank you," said the younger man. Their hand-grip tightened and parted; they swung into step across the lawn, Cardross planting his white-shod feet with habitual precision.

His hair and mustache were very white in contrast to the ruddy, sunburnt skin; and he spoke of his altered appearance with one of his quick smiles.

"They nearly had me in the panic, Hamil. The Shoshone weathered the scare by grace of God and my little daughter's generosity. And it came fast when it came; we were under bare poles, too, and I didn't expect any cordiality from the Clearing House; but, Hamil, they classed us with the old-liners, and they acted most decently. As for my little daughter—well——"

And to his own and Hamil's embarrassment his clear eyes suddenly grew dim and he walked forward a step or two winking rapidly at the sky.

Gray, bare of arm to the shoulder, booted and bareheaded, loped across the grass on his polo pony, mallet at salute. Then he leaned down from his saddle and greeted Hamil with unspoiled enthusiasm.

"Shiela is practicing and wants you to come over when you can and see us knock the ball about. It's a rotten field, but you can't help that down here."

And clapping his spurless heels to his pony he saluted and wheeled away through the hummock.

On the terrace Mrs. Cardross took his hands in her tremulous and pudgy fingers.

"Are you sure you are perfectly well, Garry? Don't you think it safer to begin at once with a mild dose of quinine and follow it every three hours with a——"

"Amy, dear!" murmured her husband. "I am not dreaming of interfering, but I, personally, never saw a finer specimen of physical health than this boy you are preparing to—be good to——"

"Neville, you know absolutely nothing sometimes," observed his wife serenely. Then looking up at the tall young man bending over her chair:

"You won't need as much as you required when you rode into the swamps every day, but you don't mind my prescribing for you now and then, do you, Garry?"

"I was going to ask you to do it," he said, looking at Cardross unblushingly. And at such perfidy the older man turned away with an unfeigned groan just as Cecile, tennis-bat in hand, came out from the hall, saw him, dropped the bat, and walked straight into his arms.

"Cecile," observed her mother mildly.

"But I wish to hug him, mother, and he doesn't mind."

Her mother laughed; Hamil, a trifle red, received a straightforward salute square on the mouth.

"That," she said with calm conviction, "is the most proper and fitting thing you and I have ever done. Mother, you know it is." And passing her arm through Hamil's:

"Last night," she said under her breath, "I went into Shiela's room to say good-night, and—and we both began to cry a little. It was as though I were giving up controlling ownership in a dear and familiar possession; we did not speak of you—I don't remember that we spoke at all from the time I entered her room to the time I left—which was fearfully late. But I knew that I was giving up some vague proprietary right in her—that to-day that right would pass to another. . . . And if I kissed you, Garry, it was in recognition of the passing of that right to you—and happy acquiescence in it, dear—believe me! happy, confident renunciation and gratitude for what must be."

They had walked together to the southern end of the terrace; below stretched the splendid forest vista set with pool and fountain; under the parapet, in the new garden, red and white roses bloomed, and on the surface of spray-dimmed basins the jagged crimson reflections of goldfish dappled every unquiet pool.

"Where is the new polo field?" he asked.

She pointed out an unfamiliar path curving west from the tennis-courts, nodded, smiled, returning the pressure of his hand, and stood watching him from the parapet until he vanished in the shadow of the trees.

The path was a new one to him, cut during the summer. For a quarter of a mile it wound through the virgin hummock suddenly emerging into a sunny clearing, where an old orange grove grown up with tangles of brier and vine had partly given place to the advance of the jungle.

Something glimmered over there among the trees—a girl, coated and skirted in snowy white, sitting a pony, and leisurely picking and eating the great black mulberries that weighted the branches so that they bent almost to the breaking.

She saw him from a distance, turned in her saddle, lifting her polo-mallet in recognition; and as he came, pushing his way across the clearing, almost shoulder-deep through weeds, from which the silver-spotted butterflies rose in clouds, she stripped off one stained glove and held out her hand to him.

"You were so long in coming," she managed to say calmly, "I thought I'd ride part-way back to meet you; and fell a victim to these mulberries. Tempted and fell, you see. . . . Are you well? It is nice to see you."

And as he still retained her slim white hand in both of his:

"What do you think of my new pony?" she asked, forcing a smile. "He's teaching me the real game. . . . I left the others when Gray came up; Cuyp, Phil Gatewood, and some other men are practicing. You'll play to-morrow, won't you? It's such a splendid game." She was talking at random now, as though the

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sound of her own voice were sustaining her with its nervous informality; and she chattered on in feverish animation.

"You play polo, of course? Tell me you do."

"You know perfectly well I don't ——"

"But you'll try if I ask you?"

He still held her hand imprisoned—that fragrant, listless little hand, so lifeless, nerveless, unresponsive—as though it were no longer a part of her and she had forgotten it.

"I'll do anything you wish," he said slowly.

"Then *don't* eat any of these mulberries until you are acclimated. I'm sorry; they are so delicious. But I won't eat any more, either."

"Nonsense," he said, bending down a heavily-laden bough for her. "Eat! daughter of Eve! This fruit is highly recommended."

"Garry! I'm not such a pig as that! . . . Well, then, if you make me do it ——" She lifted her face among the tender leaves, detached a luscious berry with her lips, absorbed it reflectively, and shook her head with decision.

The shadow of constraint was fast slipping from them both.

"You know you enjoy it," he insisted, laughing naturally.

"No, I don't enjoy it at all," she retorted indignantly. "I'll not taste another until you are ready to do your part. . . . I've forgotten, Garry; did the serpent eat the fruit he recommended?"

"He was too wise, not being acclimated in Eden."

She turned in her saddle, laughing, and sat looking down at him—then, more gravely, at her white, ungloved hand which he still retained in both of his.

Silence fell, and found them ready for it.

For a long while they said nothing; she slipped one leg over the pommel and sat sideways, elbow on knee, chin propped in her gloved hand. At times her eyes wandered over the sunny clearing, but always reverted to him where he stood leaning against her stirrup and looking up at her as though he never could look enough.

The faint, fresh perfume of chinaberry was in the air, delicately persistent amid the heavy odors from tufts of orange flowers clinging to worn-out trees of the abandoned grove.

"Your own fragrance," he said.

She looked down at him dreamily. He bent and touched with his face the slender hand he held imprisoned.

"There was once," he said, "among the immortals, a maid, Calypso. . . . Do you remember?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "I have not forgotten my only title to immortality."

Their gaze met; then he stepped closer.

She raised both arms, crossing them to cover her eyes; his arms circled her, lifted her from the saddle, holding her a moment above the earth, free, glorious, superb in her vivid beauty; then he swung her to the ground, holding her embraced; and as she abandoned to him, one by one, her hands and mouth and throat, her gaze never left him—clear, unfaltering eyes of a child innocent enough to look on passion unafraid—sweet, fearless, confident eyes, wondering, worshiping in unison with the deepening adoration in his.

"I love you so," she said—"I love you so for making me what I am. I can be all that you could wish for if you only say it ——"

She smiled, unconvinced at his tender protest, wise, sweet eyes on his.

"What a boy you are, sometimes!—as though I did not know myself! Dear, it is for you to say what I shall be. I am capable of being what you think I am. Don't you know it, Garry? It is only ——"

She felt a cool pressure on her finger, and glanced down at the ring, sparkling white fire. She lifted her hand, doubling it; looked at the gem for a moment, laid it against her mouth. Then, with dimmed eyes:

"Your love, your name, your ring for this nameless girl? And I—what can I give for a bridal gift?"

"What sweet nonsense ——"

"What can I give, Garry? Don't laugh ——"

"Calypso, dear ——"

"Yes—Calypso's offer!—immortal love—endless, deathless. It is all I have to give you, Garry. . . . Will you take it? . . . Take it, then."

And, locked in his embrace, she lifted her lips to his.

(THE END)

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Perhaps it was George's bright, eager face, perhaps it was the novelty of the suggestion, but anyway the proprietor listened to the proposition and then with a laugh gave the boy permission to "go ahead."

Long before ten o'clock, the hour of the parade, the streets were jammed with pleasure-seekers from nearby villages and farms. At last the cry was echoed down the line, "Here they come," and soon the first wagons of the parade had rumbled past. Then came the elephants, and there astride of the first and largest of the herd appeared George, while across the back of the elephant was his sign. A clown on each side of the animal was handing out the copies and taking in the nickels.

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